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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

We have received many letters controverting the criticism which appeared in our columns under the signature of APOLLODORUS, and contrasting it with the favourable review of *In Memoriam* which THE CRITIC had formerly published.

As such differences will, doubtless, often be found, it is necessary to explain the plan upon which THE CRITIC is conducted, and to which it owes much of its popularity.

To avoid the dull and unentertaining monotony of a small clique of contributors, whose opinions are, in all things, moulded to a certain editorial shape, it is the design of THE CRITIC to seek for, and enlist into its service, fresh genius, original thought, and rising talent, wherever it can be found. But minds of that class will not consent to be directed whom and what to praise or find fault with, nor will they make their opinions to order. We have, therefore, preferred to sacrifice unity (which can only be procured at the price of vigour and originality) for the vitality and interest of independent thought. No other direction is given to our reviewers than this—deal with your subject honestly, without fear or favour. In certain cases, where avowed differences of opinion prevail, the writers indicate, by a signature, that it is not an editorial, but an individual, article, for which the writer only is responsible, and which must not be taken as expressing the opinions of the conductors of the Journal, but only of the particular writer—as was the case in the criticism on TENNYSON.

With a writer of great and unquestioned power, like APOLLODORUS, and indeed with all our contributors, we exercise no other surveillance than to prevent the insertion of anything offensive to religion or morals: we never interfere with their opinions.

REPRESENTATION OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LETTERS.

THE discussion which is now in progress respecting Parliamentary Reform, has led some thinking people to inquire whether there are not certain interests belonging to the nation besides the influence of mere numbers which may fairly claim to be represented in Parliament. A small pamphlet bearing on this subject has recently been put forth by Mr. HARRIS, the barrister, whose name has occasionally appeared in our columns as a contributor of papers of historical interest. The work, in question, is entitled, *The True Theory of Representation in a State*. It commences by comparing the State to the Man; and the author contends, that as in the man the higher influences should alone predominate in his conduct, so in a nation the higher interests should bear sway in its legislative assembly. The leading interests in a nation, which demand representation, he includes under six different classes. I. Those of Religion, Virtue, and Morality. II. Those of Intelligence, Wisdom, and Learning. III. Those of Law and Order. IV. Wealth and Property. V. The Professional and Commercial Interest, or as we might, perhaps, more aptly term it, the industrial interest of the nation. VI. The Interest of mere Numbers, more especially of the poorer classes. In order to carry his scheme into effect, so far as regards the interests of art, science, and letters, with which, in this journal, we are more especially concerned, he states that "the interests comprehended in classes II. and III., or those of intelligence and learning, and of loyalty and order,

might fairly be represented by allowing the different chartered, learned, and scientific bodies (such as the universities of London, Durham, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen; the Inns of Court, the Royal Society, and Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons), to send representatives, as three of the universities already do." It is also proposed to give professional persons, and those engaged in literary pursuits, votes in respect of such an occupation. A similar proposal, as regards the enfranchisement of the learned and scientific bodies, has been made in another very valuable and ably-written pamphlet, which was some time ago put forth by Mr. STAPLETON, entitled, *Suggestions for a Conservative and Popular Reform of the Commons House of Parliament*.

We understand that the project here alluded to, is occupying considerable attention, at this period, among several persons of intelligence and influence, and that it is likely to form a prominent subject of Parliamentary discussion at no distant period.

Some of our contemporaries have already taken the subject up, and are urging its importance, of which there can be no doubt, upon their readers. It is, at any rate, one which demands the serious consideration and thoughtful attention of every intelligent person, and indeed of every well-wisher to the community; and it is one, too, which ought especially to be deliberated upon without reference to political partisanship.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE year 1816, which ushered in a universal European peace, extending from Archangel to Cadiz, from Odessa to Iceland, witnessed also a little event in the city of Edinburgh, apparently of very slight importance, the migration, namely of WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, the bookseller, from its Old Town to its New. Theretofore, "old Ebony" had been known chiefly as a retailer of second-hand books, as a staunch Tory bourgeois, and as the Edinburgh agent of JOHN MURRAY, the famed bookseller of Albemarle-street, and publisher of *The Quarterly Review*. For fourteen years now had the cackling Whiggery of Edinburgh, led by Mr. FRANCIS JEFFREY, triumphed over the old-fashioned and orthodox Toryism of Scotland. True, for some seven years, *The Quarterly Review* had opposed a certain resistance to the Revolutionism and Scepticism of *The Edinburgh*; but *The Quarterly* was a London publication; its circulation was chiefly English; and, far and wide, in Scotland, without opponent, swept the light artillery of Mr. FRANCIS JEFFREY. Said WILLIAM BLACKWOOD to himself,—"Here am I, a second-hand bookseller in the Old Town of Edinburgh; why should not I become a first-hand bookseller in the New? Nay, why not become a publisher, and that of a Tory and orthodox MAGAZINE, which, issuing monthly, shall assail Mr. FRANCIS JEFFREY, and the cackling whiggery of Edinburgh, ere yet, for two months certain, he and it have time to make a periodical reply?" Arthur Seat and the Frith of Forth, the streets and the hubbub of Edinburgh, did not give a negative answer to Mr. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD's inquiry. Accordingly, the year 1816 beheld him migrate from the Old Town to the New; and the 1st of April, 1817, witnessed the birth of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Its first editors were THOMAS PRINGLE, the South-African resident, famed afterwards in connection with South-Africa, and one CLEGHORN. Not to them, however, belongs more than a four or five months' glory as conductors of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Under them it did not prosper, and soon, litigation intervening, they departed; and the place that knew them knew them no more.

Luckily for "old Ebony," there were in Edinburgh at this date men of talent and of Tory politics, itching for a blow at Mr. FRANCIS JEFFREY, and superior to THOMAS PRINGLE and one CLEGHORN. JAMES HOGG was there, full of whisky and full of humour, fresh from the pastures and the woods of Ettrick. There, too, sweeping unemployed, as a briefless advocate, the boards of Parliament House, was JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, a young Oxonian, dangle about the Edinburgh young ladies, full of devilry, practical sarcasm, German, and Spanish ballads. There, too, in the same walk of life as he, was a greater than he or than HOGG, JOHN WILSON, to wit, afterwards to be famous as Edinburgh's volcanic

Professor of Moral Philosophy, and the CHRISTOPHER NORTH of *Blackwood's Magazine*. With them, taking deep counsel, "old Ebony" consorted, and found in them a surer and more promising aid than that of TOM PRINGLE and one CLEGHORN. In the famed Chaldee Manuscript, the Ettrick Shepherd laughed to scorn (October, 1817) the departing editors; and soon Scotland and England, and reading Anglo-Saxondom in general, became aware that, under WILSON and LOCKHART, there had arisen in the world of letters a new principality and power, and that its name was *Blackwood's Magazine*.

JOHN WILSON, whom, in old age and with failing health, the Whig minister pensioned the other day, was the son of a rich Paisley manufacturer; educated at Oxford, in a style befitting the heir of very considerable wealth. Edinburgh men still repeat to you stories, almost grown mythical now, of the exploits of Oxonian John. How, in vacation-time he scoured the country with gipsies, a man of herculean frame and strength, carousing, boxing, leaping, racing with the best of them, and of all England. How, having fallen in love, and the parents of the fair lady being adverse, he followed them to rustic inns in the Scottish Highlands, and, disguised as a waiter, tended his loved one, and carried her off from under the hostile parents' nose. More appropriate to the present enterprise, let us report that, with his wealth, he bought him, on leaving Oxford, the beautiful estate of Ellersay, near Windermere, being already smitten into worship by the lofty song of WORDSWORTH; and enlisted with DE QUINCEY among the lakiers. Still is there to be read in COLERIDGE'S *Friend* a noble letter, signed "Mathetes," from the pen of WILSON, painting the difficulties that beset, the ardours that inspire, a young man's course early in the nineteenth century. To which Mr. WORDSWORTH himself gave calm reply in the pages of *The Friend*; and WILSON soon afterwards, having apparently lost his money, repaired to the metropolis of Scotland, to undertake law suits there, but destined by the fates to be Professor of Moral Philosophy in its university, and to be the presiding spirit of its *Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Whiggery of Mr. FRANCIS JEFFREY, his light disdain of the lake poets, and of men and things Teutonic, his patronizing and semi-depreciatory appreciation of the Elizabethan dramatists and writers, were now monthly met by the overpowering eloquence of WILSON, the keen criticism, and, on occasion, the trenchant sarcasm of LOCKHART. From 1820 to 1830, *Blackwood's Magazine* grew to be among the notable things of Britain. The first number of the *Noctes Ambrosianae* was published in the March of 1822, and through its blended fog of steam from the punch-bowl, and smoke of vulgar tobacco, there glared and gleamed, not to be ignored, the glowing poetry of WILSON, and the sparkle of LOCKHART's fiery wit. One after another, moreover, the grandees of English literature received fit celebration. Here, not only were the Edinburgh Baillies scarified, and the cockney poets and writers, HUNT, KEATS, SHELLEY and HAZLITT, covered with infinite ridicule, but ever and anon there was interposed some "Light and Shadow of Scottish Life," by WILSON, or by LOCKHART, some subtle and far-reaching essay by DE QUINCEY, some novel of GALT, like the *Ayrshire Legatees*, or of D. M. MOIR, like *Manie Wauch*, some sober lucubration, full of antiquarian learning, by JAMES CROSSLEY, of Manchester, some stray and vivid delineation of far-away human life, like MICHAEL SCOTT'S *Tom Cringle's Log*, that lifted *Blackwood's Magazine* far out of the region of polemics and partizanship, and gave it welcome currency throughout the British dominions, wherever poetry had charms, or geniality an audience, or humour an appreciating circle, or true delineation of reality, listeners that could rightly estimate its value.

But although during these ten years, from 1820 to 1830, *Blackwood's Magazine* had much to commend it to universal notice, it appears through the whole of the period to have wanted that indispensable personage—an editor. Probably "old Ebony" himself performed the function, and if shrewdness were enough for it, he would have amply sufficed. But more is needed. It is not enough to tumble into every number of a periodical a quantity of sparkling, or of able articles, which money can generally buy. There must be a presiding spirit, moulding and tempering the contents into what the Germans call a complete and harmonious whole, and without such a spirit, no ability of contribution can make

a periodical successful. With the progress of years, a distinct recognition of this fact seems to have possessed old *Ebony*; and by a virtual surrender of the editorship into the hands of JOHN WILSON (for LOCKHART had years before left Edinburgh to edit *The Quarterly Review*), the era of the Reform Bill, which seemed to prove fatal to the political party, of which *Blackwood* was the organ, became in fact the commencement for it of a new and successful career, as the most ably managed, and most uniformly excellent of all contemporary magazines. In what department was it thenceforward at any time deficient, or when and where was that deficiency not immediately repaired? From 1830 onwards, WILSON himself, intermingled with the glowing rhapsodies since reprinted, as the *Recreations of Christopher North*, those noble bursts of ethical meditation, and literary criticism, in which the theories of philosophers from PLATO to THOMAS BROWN, the lofty creations of poets from Homer's Achilles, to Spenser's Una, are handled with a power of which you know not whether most to admire, the overwhelming passion, or the subtle and searching discrimination. While D. M. MOIR (the "Delta" of *Blackwood*) continued, number after number, to contribute his snatches of graceful, musical, and mostly melancholy verse; his namesake, a much more gifted and accomplished person, GEORGE MOIR, the advocate of Edinburgh, was making himself known to the initiated as master of an irony, scarcely inferior to SWIFT's in those *Fragments from the History of John Bull*, which ridiculed the reforming tendency of the age; while from the same pen, a fine series of papers, entitled *Shakespeare in Germany*, testified to the possession on the part of their writer, of a poetical and genial appreciation, second only to that of the great German critics, whose feeling for SHAKESPEARE he now introduced to the English reader. In fiction, above all, was it that the editorship of WILSON secured to the pages of *Blackwood*, a never-failing series of captivating and sterling contributions. When Tom Cringle's Log was finished, the *Cruise of the Midge* was begun. Along with Sir DANIEL SANDFORD's adaptations (such as *Alcibiades*), from the German of MEISSNER, proceeded hand in hand the *Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*, and Mr. WARREN was allowed to drop the latter only to begin the still more successful story of *Ten Thousand a Year*; while between whiles, DOUGLAS JERROLD introduced his *Men of Character*, and Dr. CROLY in his *Marston, or Memoirs of a Statesman*, bestowed the charms of romance on the stern realities of the French Revolution; or MACNISH of Glasgow, unrolled the narrative mysteries of the *Modern Pythagorean*. It was the genial and glowing mind of WILSON, too, that in 1837, gave the heartiest welcome to the noble contributions of the late JOHN STERLING, whose thoughtful prose, and sounding verse, whose *Legendary Lore* above all, gave intimations of a higher spirit than had yet visited the magazine world. And when disease or death removed him from that sphere, it was still WILSON that invited, to fill the gap, BULWER with his translations from SCHILLER, and with more than one of those prose fictions, which culminating in *The Cartons*, are not yet probably ended with his *My Novel*,—still appearing in the pages of *Blackwood*. It was to the irresistible invitation of WILSON, too, that owed their appearance in *Blackwood*, so many poems of MOSCKTON MILNES, so many paper epics of DE QUINCEY (from the *Suspensio de Profundis* downwards), so many masterly translations from the ancients, through AYTOUN's Trochaic versions of HOMER, and CHAPMAN's translations of plays of ÆSCHYLUS, to thy happy and graceful renderings of the Greek Anthology, O WILLIAM HAY, thou friend of our early boyhood! Nor was it less WILSON, whom we have to thank, that his son-in-law, JAMES FERRIER, now a Professor at Saint Andrews, printed in *Blackwood* the lofty essays *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Consciousness*, in which to the young eye, the veil seemed withdrawn from the mental holy of holies, and all was dread, mysterious, and creative invisibility!

"Old *Ebony*" died after a long and prosperous career in 1834, but it was not till some ten years afterwards that "Professor WILSON" ceased to be the controlling spirit of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and gradually abdicated in favour of "Professor AYTOUN." "Professor AYTOUN," familiarly known as "WILLIE AYTOUN," son of old ROGER AYTOUN, the Edinburgh W. S.—who is there throughout the length and breadth of Tory Scotland that does not know him? Methinks we see him yet,

as we looked up to him with boyish reverence, when, in the George-street of Edinburgh, we used to meet his stout youthful figure, in dress slightly approaching the dandiacal, with round face, full of rosy bucolic health, and eye-glass significant of short sight. Already had "Willie" become celebrated as the Tory scion of a Whig family, and not merely as the renderer of Homer into Trochaics, as the ingenious versifier of many a delicately-rhythmed piece in *Blackwood*, and the biographer (showing rare learning) of RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION in MURRAY's *Family Library*. Well we remember a west-country inn, after a visit to famed Bothwell Castle, the sun serenely westerling in the summer evening sky, all nature glowing in radiant beauty, and we desperately hungry! "Mine host" was inattentive to our humble demands, and from an upper chamber there came the odour and the roar of agricultural revelry. "Whom have you upstairs?" "Oh! WILLIE AYTOUN, and a when Tory chaps settling the election: I'm a Radical myself, but I like the Tories, they aye pay weel!" This is the AYTOUN who since in literature has become famous as the laureate of Scottish Jacobites and Cavaliers; as the Professor of *Belles Lettres* in Edinburgh University; as the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. There, as "my dear Dunshunner," or as "my dear Mc Corkindale," in many a page of laughing satiric prose, and of smiling satiric verse, too polished almost to be stinging, has he driven his shafts against thee, O thick-skinned Manchester, whose hide is as the hide of the rhinoceros, and who art vulnerable only in the breeches' pocket! Under Professor AYTOUN, *Blackwood* flourishes, not with the noisy bursting health of youth, but with the serene complacency of a well-to-do middle age. There, number after number, Sheriff ALISON, "the historian of Europe," discharges, with steady regularity, his heavy broadsides at the "Manchester school." There Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., contributes his monthly quota of fiction. There, WILLIAM SMITH, of Kensington, criticises COMTE and CARLYLE, and "cuts up" Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON. There, too, sometimes are to be seen the sparkles of an unmistakable and a unique vivacity. The reader has already guessed the name, and with a cordial smile of welcome on his lip already murmurs fondly: "Once more the omnipresent LEWES!"

HERODOTUS SMITH.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Literary World, like the Political, has its *quidnuncs* and "own correspondents," its "rumours at the clubs," its gossip of clique and coterie, its "quarters likely to be well-informed," and to be ill-informed, its "authority on which you may place the utmost reliance," and so forth, *ad infinitum*. The inhabitant of the literary, as of the political world, must exercise a sharp discrimination before he gives credence to rumour: he must not implicitly believe that "MACAULAY's third volume is certainly to be published next week," merely because his informant declares "LONGMAN told me so yesterday;" or mentally debit Mr. THACKERAY with ten thousand pounds for the copyright of his forthcoming novel, because somebody knows somebody else who is intimate with the banker's clerk that saw the cheque. Thus, a plausible report was lately afloat that Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE was about to write a life of WILLIAM the Conqueror, and great was the flutter among philanthropic historians at the thought of the glorification that ruthless potentate would receive in CARLYLE's blazing page. Mr. GRAVE can pretty confidently announce that the distinguished author in question is not engaged in any such enterprise, but has taken in hand a much more modern hero, FREDERICK the Great of Prussia; an attempt of which the highest expectations may rationally be formed. Hitherto it has been CARLYLE's misfortune (and, perhaps, his pride,) that his heroes have had some drawback interfering with an acceptance of them by the public. GOETHE and his Germans were too high; MIRABEAU and his Frenchmen too low; and OLIVER CROMWELL himself is still regarded as a Usurper and a Tyrant by large masses of his countrymen. FREDERICK the Great, "every inch a King," had the good luck to be born to a throne; and his worst faults are virtues compared with the vices that defiled most of the European monarchs of his age. A brilliant warrior, a successful political reformer, and founder of a social system, a German NAPOLEON, in fact, who did not fail, FREDERICK had further a sort of reputation in

England as the champion of Continental Protestantism, and WHITFIELD's Methodists used to put up prayers for the friend of VOLTAIRE! Then there are his connections with VOLTAIRE and the French *philosophes*; later, his dealings with MIRABEAU, and the contemporary relation in which his old age stood to GOETHE's youth and early manhood;—all affording material how rich for the pen of the greatest of literary pictorialists! There have been plenty of German lives of FREDERICK, but none of them are classical; RANKE's, the latest of note, and of which high hopes were formed, turning out a failure. England can scarcely boast of a solitary biography, and the younger generation know FREDERICK chiefly by MACAULAY's paper in *The Edinburgh*, the story of which, like that of "Cambuscan bold," has been "left half told" by the brilliant essayist. Nor should it be forgotten that SCHILLER, in the prime of his years, long harboured a design of making FREDERICK the hero of an epic, which was to mirror the mighty complex of modern civilization as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* did the simplicity of the Homeric world. FREDERICK has had long to wait for his *vates sacer*; but at last the fit one has arrived!

Mr. CARLYLE's latest appearance in print is a letter the other day to the Secretary of the National Poor Law Association, heartily encouraging that body in its attempt to procure the reproductive employment of paupers. This is a "movement" which seems to belong exclusively to the region of politics or social economy, but now that CARLYLE has connected himself with it, it is of the highest importance to the Literary World. For Mr. CARLYLE has, in his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, distinctly pronounced the doom of literature, pure and simple. The "industrial regiments" of the future, of which the rank and file are to be paupers, will be officered, if Field-Marshal (say) the Duke of CHELSEA has his way, by men of letters. They shall lay aside the steel-pen for the iron-spade; liquid manure shall be to them as ink was; and the footfall of author or of publisher shall cease to resound in Paternoster-row! The chief difficulty will be to find in the literary profession fit persons to superintend that scourging and shooting of refractory paupers which is so important an element of CARLYLE's industrial scheme. Time was that the fraternity of critics alone would have furnished the requisite quota of savage and truculent fellows; but we are all so mild, so gentlemanly, and so peaceable, now, that Mr. CARLYLE will have his difficulties. I read aloud his recent poor law letter, in Milton (late Grub) street, the other evening, in the attic of Mr. SPRING; and that attached and ever-cheerful friend indulged in some pleasant banter on our prospects under the new Carlylean régime. I was to be Ensign GRAVE (a silver-gilt spade hanging genteelly by my side), of the 10th Hill-side Industrials; while he should gaily prance from Milton-street, with holsters fashioned to imitate plough-stilts, and a neat plough-share by way of sabre;—the Pig and Whistle round the corner (from which comes our beer,) emptying itself into the street to drink a last stirrup-cup with Cornet SPRING, of the National Light-Plough Horse Brigade, starting, like "Marlbrouk," for the wars!

While ALFRED TENNYSON is polishing his rifle and curiously inspecting improved bullets—(by the way the martial "P." of *The Times* is not our old friend Mr. PIGOU, the gunpowder manufacturer, but another poet, and of the Tennysonian school, Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE) an American contemporary has been reprinting the earliest poem he ever published, and which gained the prize at Cambridge in 1829. A Mr. BRISTED, an American, who lately published (from his own experiences) a lively work, *Five Years in an English University*, recites a Cambridge tradition that ALFRED gained the prize by a mistake! Certainly it was the first blank-verse poem on which that honour had been bestowed. What does the reader think is the subject? Why—Timbuctoo! It is a very glowing and gorgeous piece, full of Tennysonian lines. The poet stands on Gibraltar-rock, overlooking the Mediterranean, and wonders whether there be truth in the rumoured splendours of Timbuctoo. A spirit appears who shows him in vision a city of unutterable magnificence, makes a long speech, and ends with hinting that before the touch of "keen discovery"

"Soon yon brilliant Towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-walled, barbarian settlements.
How changed from this fair city!"

Thus far the Spirit:
Then parted heaven-ward on the wing: and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night; and all was dark!

A very Tennysonian close.

This same Mr. BRISTED discloses the existence in Cambridge of a sort of nursery for the famed Sterling Club. It called itself by the rather profane name of "The Apostles," always numbering thirteen of the most distinguished alumni of the place, and each when he left for London, had a sort of claim for admission into the parent society. Apropos of clubs, a new and select one has just been founded, *The Fielding*, to consist of only fifty members, all *sommités*, as the French would say, of literary, artistic, and aristocratic circles. Poor Fielding, writing *Tom Jones* in his garret, or as Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE described, gaily sharing his scrag of mutton with a brace of ladies *not* of quality,—could he have but seen into the future, and beheld half a hundred *sommités* in 1852, constituting themselves into a Fielding Club!

If buildings like men could write their autobiographies, what a strange one would be that of the Free Trade Hall of Manchester. Within a few evenings it was twice crammed to the door, once with engineers on strike, to listen to exasperating harangues, and once with the wealth and curiosity of Manchester to see the acting of the Amateurs for the Guild of Literature and Art. While this Guild, with BULWER, DICKENS and FORSTER at its head, aims at assisting, during life, authors and artists both young and old, a new body which calls itself the Athenæum Institute, and which is closely connected with the Athenæum Life Assurance Society, is to do something for their families after death; and that by receiving subscriptions from the wealthy to augment the usual fund of a Life Insurance Association. Other objects, with a view towards the "organization of literature" (not *à la* Carlyle), are detailed in the prospectus, which takes care to announce that one of the promoters of the Institute is the "Right Honourable" BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI; with whose promotion Literature of all politics seems to feel a certain natural and creditable sympathy.

Death has not been sparing of late in his visits to "literary circles." POOR ELIOT WARBURTON'S loss with *The Amazon* is the saddest of the kind since the actor POWER went down in *The President*. He had projected a "Lives of the Irish Viceroys," and the fantastic brilliancy with which he intermitted his usually deep social silence will make his loss be felt among his old associates. HENRY LUTTRELL, also, a wit when "GEORGE III. was king," is gone; and one likewise of those two octogenarian Misses BERRY, for whom HORACE WALPOLE conceived that fond and friendly attachment which is so touching an episode of his latest years.

The tendency towards a further literary illustration of the times and heroes of the Commonwealth, is evinced by an article in the new number of *The North British Review* on MILTON, on whom it might have been thought nothing more could have been said. So likewise by the "imaginary conversation" between MILTON and his wife, a new volume from the pen of the authoress of *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, said to be a Miss MANNING of Reigate. Lady THERESA LEWIS has worked up into some (it must be confessed) rather heavy volumes new materials which family circumstances threw in her way, for *The Lives of Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon*. Ah! if "new materials" could always be found, the publisher would not be far off. A curious mode of getting at information has been resorted to by some one, who, I suppose, has views towards authorship in connection with the English history of the seventeenth century, and who boldly advertises for books, &c., about ANDREW MARVELL, and Hull, the town which ANDREW represented:—a notability certainly worth a good memoir. The increasing curiosity of our age respecting contemporaries whom ability alone has made conspicuous, had led an anonymous compiler to execute a hint thrown out in these columns, and the neat little volume (published by BOGUE), *Men of the Time* in 1852, a miniature biographical dictionary of distinguished contemporaries will be found, with all its omissions and inaccuracies, a handy and instructive work of reference. Mr. JERDAN, the well-known ex-editor of *The Literary Gazette*, promises to commence with the month of May, the publication of a series of volumes of *Reminiscences*, which, so far as the opportunities he has enjoyed are concerned, should be interest-

ing. While the newspapers have been recording the death of Mr. THOMAS HOLCROFT, son of the Author of *The Road to Ruin*, the Messrs. LONGMAN were announcing the appearance in their *Travellers' Library* of the curious autobiography of his father, which HAZLITT inharmoniously completed. Among other announcements is that of a volume of philosophical essays by the metaphysical manufacturer SAMUEL BAILEY, the "Locke of Sheffield," as EBENEZER ELLIOTT used to call him, perhaps the only man of note in England who troubles himself about metaphysics, and his are of the old sensational school of HUME and CONDILLAC. Apropos of metaphysics, the long-promised series of papers on AUGUSTE COMTE are at last to appear in *The Leader*: are they by Miss MARTINEAU? And Scotland is to have a literary journal of its own, *The Scottish Athenæum*, with special reference to North-British interests, and of which it is whispered that GEORGE GILFILLAN is to be the presiding spirit.

With politics, proper or improper, Mr. GRAVE cannot interfere; but let him not be debarred from complimenting the departed Whig Ministry on its choice for Foreign Under Secretary of Mr. LAYARD, who has no claims of birth or wealth, but was selected merely as the excavator of the Nineveh marbles. And let him acknowledge gratefully whatever the Whigs have done for literature, or art, or science. A baronetship to BULWER; an office in the Board of Trade to FONBLANQUE; the poet-laureatship to TENNYSON; (Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P., is reported to have sent a copy of his works, beautifully bound, to Her Majesty when the post was vacant), a pension to the literary chief of Scottish Tories, Professor WILSON; another pension to LEIGH HUNT, the veteran of liberal English journalists; and a frequent dinner from the Prime Minister to Mr. CHARLES DICKENS!

Few positions, as times go, require more accomplishment and information than that of the editor of a newspaper. Ready logic, a fluent style, knowledge of the past history and present condition of his country, great tact and acquaintance with his locality,—in fact, gifts and qualities sufficient to set up a dozen mayors are required from a modern editor. Let the following advertisement, from *The Times* of February 16th, be, therefore, gibbeted as disgraceful to the inserter:

THE PRESS.—Editor wanted, for a country paper of Protectionist principles, to reside, report local matters, &c., &c. Salary to begin with 50*l.* per annum, with rooms at the office.

Why, the butler of an ordinary squire costs his master much more than 50*l.* per annum, exclusive of rooms!

The Marquis of LANDOWNE took leave of office with a sneer at the "daily anonymous administrations which were too modest to declare themselves," meaning the newspaper press. In these days, my Lord Marquis! a change of editors is almost as important as a change of ministers. Permit me, therefore, to inform your Lordship that Mr. E. E. CROWE has been succeeded in the Editorship of *The Daily News* by the former Sub-Editor, Mr. F. KNIGHT HUNT, author of the lively work, *The Fourth Estate*. FRANK GRAVE.

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

SCENE FIRST.—An Antique Room; Midnight.

WALTER.

Reading from a paper on which he has been writing.

As a wild maiden with love-drinking eyes,
Sees in sweet dreams a beaming Youth of Glory,
And wakes to weep, and ever after sighs
For that bright vision till her hair is hoary;
Ev'n so, alas! is my life's passion story;
For Poesy my heart and pulses beat,
For Poesy my blood runs red and fleet,
As Moses' serpent the Egyptian's swallow'd
One passion eats the rest. My soul is follow'd
By strong ambition to out-roll a lay,
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way.
[Tears the paper and paces the room with disordered steps.]
O that my heart was quiet as a grave
Asleep in moonlight!
For, as a torrid sunset boils with gold
Up to the zenith, fierce within my soul
A passion burns from basement to the cope.
Poesy! Poesy! I'd give to thee,
As passionately, my rich-laden years,
My bubble pleasures, and my awful joys,
As Hero gave her trembling sighs to find
Delicious death on wet Leander's lip.
Bare, bald, and tawdry, as a finger'd moth,
Is my poor life, but with one smile thou canst
Clothe me with kingdoms. Wilt thou smile on me?
Wilt bid me die for thee? O fair and cold!
As well may some wild maiden waste her love
Upon the calm front of a marble Jove.

I cannot draw regard of thy great eyes.
I love thee, Poesy! Thou art a rock,
I, a weak wave, would break on thee and die.

There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands,
A heart to hew his name out upon time
As on a rock, then in immortality
To stand on time as on a pedestal;
When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,
We find our aspirations quench'd in tears,
The fears of impotence and self-contempt,
That loathsome weed up-springing in the heart
Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine;
I am so cursed, and wear within my soul,
A pang as fierce as Dives, drows'd with wine,
Lipping his leman in luxurious dreams;
Waked by a fiend in hell! —
'Tis not for me, ye Heavens! 'tis not for me
To fling a Poem like a comet out,
Far splendouring the sleepy realms of night.
I cannot give men glimpses so divine,
As when, upon a racking night, the wind
Draws the pale curtains of the vapoury clouds,
And shows those wonderful, mysterious voids,
Throbbing with stars like pulses.—Naught for me
But to creep quietly into my grave;
Or calm and tame the swelling of my heart
With this foul lie, painted as sweet as truth,
That "great and small, weakness and strength, are naught,
That each thing being equal in its sphere,
The May-night glow-worm with its emerald lamp
Is worthy as the mighty moon that drowns
Continents in her white and silent light."
This, this were easy to believe, were I
The planet that doth nightly wash the earth's
Fair sides with moonlight; not the shining worm,
But as I am—beaten, and foil'd, and shamed,
The arrow of my soul which I had shot
To bring down Fame, dissolved like shaft of mist,
This painted falsehood, this most damned lie,
Freezes me like a fiendish human face,
It's hateful features gauer'd in a sneer.
O let me rend this breathing tent of flesh;
Uncoop the soul—fool, fool, I've still the same,
For 'tis the soul that's touch'd, it bears the wound;
And memory doth stick in't like a knife,
Keeping it wide for ever. [A long pause.]

I am fain
To feed upon the beauty of the moon! [Opens the casement.]
Sorrowful moon! seeming, so drown'd in woe,
A queen, whom some grand battle day has left
Unkingdom'd and a widow, while the stars,
Thy handmaidens, are standing back in awe,
Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief!
All men have loved thee for thy beauty, moon!
Adam has turn'd from Eve's fair face to thine,
And drank thy beauty with his serene eyes,
Anthony once, when seated with his queen,
Worth all the East, a moment gaz'd at thee:
She struck him on the cheek with jealous hand,
And chiding said,—“Now, by my Egypt's gods,
That pale and squamish beauty of the night
Has had thine eyes too long; thine eyes are mine!
Alack! there's sorrow in my Anthony's face!
Don't think of Rome? I'll make thee with a kiss
Richer than Caesar! Come, I'll crown thy lips.”
[Another pause.]

How tenderly the moon doth fill the night!
Not like the passion that doth fill my soul;
It burns within me like an Indian sun.
A star is trembling on the horizon's verge,
That star shall grow and broaden on the night,
Until it hangs most large and beautiful
In the proud zenith—
Might I so broaden on the skies of fame!
O fame! fame! fame! next grandest word to God!
I seek the book of Fame! Poor fool—so tries
Some lonely wanderer 'mong the desert sands
By shouts to gain the notice of the Sphinx,
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

MANUFACTURING IMPROVEMENT OF IRELAND.—While too many districts of Ireland are in so depressed and wretched a state, we hail with great satisfaction whatever symptoms of improvement present themselves. Amongst these, we may notice that, at a dinner given by Messrs. Wilson and Son, of Balbriggan, to their workmen a short time since, it was mentioned that the hosiery weaving branch of Irish manufacture was much indebted to the exertions of Mr. C. Glenny, of 33, Lombard-street, London, for a continuance of the employment Messrs. Wilson and Son have so long given in furnishing the genuine Balbriggan hosiery, manufactured by them, to the nobility and gentry of England. At the dinner, the men voluntarily proposed a subscription, to present Mr. Glenny with a piece of plate. A silver waiter has since been purchased, and engraved with the following inscription, "Presented to Mr. Charles Glenny, of 33, Lombard-street, London, by the workmen in the employ of Messrs. Wilson and Son of Balbriggan, in testimony of their gratitude and respect for the spirited exertions he has successfully made in the revival of the Balbriggan hosiery trade."

The Northampton Herald reports the discovery of ironstone of good quality running through the county from north-west to south-east, over an extensive district. The fact has been known for some time, but it is now publicly announced, because extended inquiries show that the discovery is really valuable. Many persons connected with Staffordshire and the north have been examining quarries and exhibiting an anxiety to purchase estates. Doubtless, the existence of the ore was known in former times, but as there was no coal to smelt it, the discovery was then useless; now, railways will convey the ore to the coal, or the coal to the ore.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Kossuth and Magyarland. By CHARLES PRIDHAM. London. 1851.

Life of Kossuth. New York. 1851.

Personal Adventures in Hungary. By the Baroness VON BECK. London: Bentley. 1851.

The Hungarian Refugees in Turkey. Leipsic. 1851.

FEW things are more wonderful to the attentive student of humanity than what may be termed the seasons of the universal mind of man. Those individual centres of movement which seem like causes to the casual observer, to him appear but illustrations of an older, larger, and over-ruling fact. Looking, at any given time, along the ranks of civilization, he finds the Idea of which the discovery in one country conferred celebrity on the Logician, filling in another the inspiration of the Poet, animating in a third the theory of the Civilian, in a fourth embodied in the rough symbols of national exploit, and, in one or other recognised or unrecognised shape, stirring simultaneously the hidden depths of remote, disconnected, and frequently unconscious, peoples. Passing from an undue estimation of the importance of this or that master to the spiritual history of the world, he is inclined rather to the contrary extreme of a faith in moral and intellectual epidemics, as wide, irresistible, and incomprehensible as any of the great physical scourges of our race, and consequent, probably, on powers and conditions even more completely beyond the influence of man. It is strange to remember how seldom History has recorded the true avatar of a great idea. It has cried "lo here" and "lo there" to a thousand false prophets, but the kingdom of God has come not with observation. The minds that stand out to us as the great exponents of illustrious Ideas have almost invariably been reared to the burden. They have been, for the most part, but voltaic poles, luminous because the pile was charged, and only making sensible the latent light and heat of their time. This fact in no way detracts from the prerogative of genius or lessens our consciousness of the awful character of those great men through whom it has pleased God that His truths should be vocal in the world. For the total of human knowledge may be likened to a great lake fed by the showers of Heaven and by certain sacred fountains, whereof the principal are called Poetry and History. All the thoughts, opinions, and faiths of common men are just the meeting, mingling, opposition and reposition of these primary waters. The boundary of the lake may be defined, and the inexorable conduits counted up, but whence are the waters? Relatively we do well to sacrifice at the fountain and to consecrate the well, but absolutely what are they above their fellow earth? Hero-worship is wise, with the wisdom of him who, desiring clearer water, carries his pitcher from the lake to the spring-head; but let him beware of the misdeed of MERIBAH, wise with the wisdom of him who sought the Pool of Siloam, but woe be to him if he have faith in nothing but the Pool.

Continuing his contemplation of the impersonal nature of the great formative Ideas of men the student reaches one of the simpler displays of a truth which in its more elaborate exhibitions so often transcends our faculties. That facts have no relationship with anything but God, and that the symptoms which we take as indications of (so to speak) consanguinity in the created are truly but the signs of identity in the Creator.

Viewing events in the light of this truth he will be rather prepared than otherwise to find those great contemporaneous but disconnected movements in civilization, those strange epidemic phenomena of the mind, and those fine relations between the thoughts and deeds of a century which might else have remained among the most obstinate problems of History. That phasis of the Divine Intelligence which is efficient in these universes to which we belong, has always, so far as human perceptions have extended, displayed that quality of which we call the effects *harmonious*. Whatever that quality may be—and to know essences is beyond our nature—a resemblance to its works is what we entitle harmony. Harmony may, therefore, be defined, with sufficient accuracy, the manner of God in this Universe. Our own day has afforded some

notable examples of these truths, some noble passages from that symphony of Man Universal which, with all its local discords and intricate effects, will be found by the careful ear of a gifted and large-souled musician to accord much more than we have been wont to suppose with the "music" which has conventionally been allowed only to "the spheres." Not only have we seen and heard, in many different countries of the world, an unusual number of simultaneous thinkers disunited in place, unacquainted in character and person, dissimilar in habits and education, opposite in faith, utterly estranged in race and language, expressing at the same moment new but identical ideas, but we have been able to watch, under circumstances of almost unparalleled favour, the synchronous growth of the same great thoughts in their earlier and unconscious development, while as yet they have not broken the soil of the intellect and blossomed into words. Not only have we heard and seen harmonious thoughts and accordant deeds sounding and striking in unison from a thousand points at once, but we have had thought represented by action, and action prototyping thought with a perfection rarely equalled in History. Not to enter upon the more recondite exhibitions of the general principle, let us illustrate it by a rapid survey of the world of our day. Passing over those minor disturbing forces which are not significant, there can be no doubt that among the many spiritual and intellectual motions of the time the dominant movement has been a return to truth. Omitting, in the same way, such eddies and counter-floods as merely prove the force of the main current, it is as unquestionable that among the visible and practical motions the dominant has been a return to fact.

In the fields of thought and action, *esse* is supplanting *posse*. Intellectual Truthwardness is making Metaphysics subjective, as not giving but receiving, and content with phenomena, since God sees them sufficient for us; Science, experimental, as recognising the impossibility of knowledge universal; Arts instinctive, as placing the results of a gift, Genius, before the results of a device induction; and expecting the more divine effect from the more direct exercise of a natural power, in accordance with an observed custom of God, by which, to our apprehensions, His works increase in value as they appear to approach Him; Politics, scientific, as dealing not with fashions of courts, but facts of nature, and popular, as being not the manipulation of powers that *seem*, but the application of powers that *be*; Morals (*mores*), natural, as acknowledging a *summum bonum* in Nature; Religion, personal, as ignoring the efficacy of any belief which has not become a part of the believing mind, and as conscious that the soul must deal with things, not words; and that, relatively and efficiently, the number and character of things are to every soul as its peculiar aptitudes for receiving and perceiving. And wheresoever, under whatever name, the mind of man is now honestly at work, this Intellectual Truthwardness is busy, more or less, in clearing away the edifices of a past egotistic sciolism, and in getting sight everywhere of the same broad earth, and

The great Heaven shining over all.

Correlatively, in ruder spheres of action, we have seen all this truth-theoretic become fact-practical; and, on the other hand, have beheld, more than once, embodied fact, for which, as yet, the abstract truth was not current.

In 1848, the truths, mentally evolved during the long peace by the noble minority of either country, took flesh simultaneously throughout France and Germany, in such tremendous facts as no previous age had witnessed. But war, massacre, and proscription did their unmistakable work in the three succeeding years; and in 1852 France unconsciously personates her present character, by enthroning the most selfish and unprincipled of modern tyrannies—

The outpurse of the empire, and the rule—

which, in its turn, completes the unwitting fidelity to truth, by erasing, as its first act, the Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité from a republic which it had already demonstrated to be neither fraternal, equal, nor free.

Again, in Schleswig-Holstein, we had a theoretic

truth of Race shedding blood, breaking treaties, defying worldly advantages, and bearding irresistible force; and, in Hesse, the sublime spectacle of a more elevated truth, baffling continually, by legal endurance and indefatigable fortitude, the fiercest of physical powers; conversely, we saw in Hungary a people stung to heroism by comparatively minor questions of wrongs and customs, fighting for a republic as yet undesired—for an ideal of democratic right which they had not then learned verbally to recognise—and for a place among heroes and nations which no man among them could foresee.

And, without forgetting those Neapolitan dungeons where twenty thousand political prisoners attest, in terrible fact, the iniquity of the ruler and the heroism of the ruled, perhaps of all the countries whose deeds and sufferings make up our remarkable time, there is none so characteristic of the peculiarities we have indicated as this ever-memorable Hungary. All the world knows, and will always know, that in a land almost forgotten by Western Europe, four million Magyars having been suddenly plunged, by one of the proudest of dynasties and haughtiest of empires, from peace and dependence into war and rebellion, without arms, stores, public funds, military organization, or internal government, improvised all these in the midst of the unequal contest, defeated the armies that had conquered Italy, cleared their country of a nation thirty million strong, encountered successfully, with unslaked wounds, the supplementary inroad of the Russian hordes, and when Europe had begun to read in such facts as vociferous tyranny could not hide, the monumental history of their extraordinary triumphs, fell at last only before the native counterfact of as strange and incomparable a treason.

With an interesting completeness the reality of the Hungarian struggle has signalled in an especial manner, whatever mental or physical movements have subsequently been connected with the cause of Hungary, and in Great Britain, the epitome of Europe (but on a different proportional scale), has lately received a happy variety of illustration which, as calling into reactionary play, the two forms of active truth, and exhibiting that "accord parfait" between the national head and hands, which is not always to be found under such evident conditions of time and place, is singularly instructive to the student of our era. Not long ago, the Austrian dignitary, whose name was already rising into note as that of the worst incarnation of the worst attributes of that worst phasis of despotism which he served, HAYNAU, the Wolf of Hungary, "the Hyena of Brescia," was announced by the daily papers as on his way to England. At that time the Magyar cause had made but little apparent way with us. The bulk of the English public, slow at all times to agitation had, for aught that appeared, hardly been so much awakened by the thunders of Kopolna, as to see the loaded gibbets of Arad. But in the best hearts among us, the names of those who hung there had been engraven upon those "fleshy tables" which time only renews, and the choice intellect of our country had made such vows respecting them as are more dangerous to their oppressors than all her ships of war. And their hangman was on his way to us as a titled and honoured guest. What said the Brain of England, and what did the hands? In various form of more or less passionate exclamation, our intellectual protest ran somewhat thus:—Let us be the first to admit the infinite wisdom required to determine the moral estate of any man; the impossibility of those spiritual statistics on which alone a soul can righteously proceed to judge its fellow; the inexplicable plexus of motives which are behind every human action; the unknown gradations by which powers of good become the instruments of evil. Let us be the last to draw the hatred of mankind upon crime in the concrete, or to arrogate to any man or number of men, the divine faculty of condemning a sinner. God forbid that we attempt to weigh the imponderable elements, to see the invisible machinery, to raise the dead circumstances, and to estimate the combined action of the individually incalculable forces which will make up the evidence of the judgment day. But if it should happen that a human being has so personified a great sin, that the usual relations are transposed, and we see in

him no longer a soul with a sin, but, as it were, a sin with a soul, firmly and unanimously, with whatever sorrow is decent to the occasion, we ought to tell this Caliban that he has not all the rights of a man. We will not take your Centaur to our homes. We cannot embrace CELENO. We will not baptise POLYPHEMUS.

If HAYNAU is to bring the plague of his presence into the wholesome atmosphere of this land, he shall learn first these necessary truths. That our genial Britain has infinite capacities for every kind of fugitive distress, for every shape in which HUMANITY meets misfortune, and claims a sanctuary. But that this England is not a pest-house for expatriated iniquities; that we will not charnel a great crime,—No! though that Satan come to us as an Angel of light. What! does he take us to be a nesting-place for migratory abominations?

This amateur Assassin has strung up for his pleasure the men whom we combined to honour. He has nailed them up at his will, common as rats upon their barns, and thinks to pass among us the very next year for anything but a bloody effigy of Murder. Should we receive Colonel KIRKE and Judge JEFFERIES in these days? And the hands of KIRKE and JEFFERIES are white beside the hands of HAYNAU. Shall we drive him from among men to eat grass as an ox? It is too tragic a regimen for so vulgar a parodist of the Babylonian. Alas! indeed, that he should pollute our fields. Let him make an open profession of penitence—let him abdicate as publicly as he induced the crime that hides his manhood from us, and we will receive him with the respectful silence of pity. Failing this, content with his historic features, coming to us the HAYNAU of 1849, by his own act and deed excommunicate from all good men, and tempting with the audacity of guilt the terrible fulness of that interdiction, it must be ours to teach him the whole significance of the sentence he despised. We must show him that he can enter the territory, but not the nation, of England. That everything unshipped upon our shores is not of necessity transferred to our homes. That a qualification for the Chamber of Horrors is a passport no further, and that, as a nation, we are foully slandered abroad, when they say that our curiosity would have feted the first murderer if he could show us the mark of CAIX upon his brow.

Passing through our land, bound with the yellow flag of moral contagion, from hut to palace seeing himself fied as a pestilence—no man so poor as to accept his gold, or so rich as to spare him one human sympathy,—let him find in the metropolis of the world a friendless solitude more terrible than the hearths he has made desolate, and learn what it is, among a free and virtuous people, to be the Arch-felon—the spiritual Leper—the social Outlaw—the Pariah of Civilization. With some such thoughts, in 1850, the Intellect of England saw the approach of that ship which brought the chosen representative of the two proudest despotisms on Earth.

How roughly and vigorously, by Brewmen's cartwhip, and in Bankside dustholes, sturdy English Labour rendered them into facts, Austria will not forget to her dying day.

Next year, in 1851, the eyes of British expectation were again turned to a freight from the East. That Hero who, of noble blood, but comparatively humble station, had worked his honourable way to the highest dignity of his country—who, having lived, laboured, and suffered with his nation, had become successively their voice in the general Council, and (in the last emergency) the consummate expression of their power—who, having felt no less, and seen far more than they, devoted his great genius to raise them to its own level, and, patiently moving for years the popular waters, quickened them at last to the Maelstrom which engulfed a Dynasty—who, having become the residence of the political will of his race, had courage in that consciousness to survive the present ruin of his hopes, outlive the sight of a vanquished land, save from her conquerors the great prize of legitimate power, and carry forth into exile her rights and royalties safe in the sanctuary of his single breast—this man, KossUTH—is on his way from the prisons of Kutayah to that one inviolable spot, for ever sacred to the patriotism of Europe—the City of Refuge for the liberties of the world.

Behold the incarnation of the *Representative Idea*. Behold a man who is as a soul to the body of his people: one in whom the essentials and the accidents of birth—the fortune and character of after circumstance—a conventional

station between class prejudices, a mind synoptical of the qualities of his nation, an experience typical of his labouring time, and a genius greater than national or temporal, have combined in such a whole as may contain not only the represented Present of his country, but how much of the necessary and transcendent Future can connect and vitalize the seen with the unseen.

Behold the true instrument of national growth. The Representative as distinct from the Deputy. SAUL among his companions, but SAUL among his companions. The man of his time and the man of other time. To-day plus to-morrow; the instant fact pregnant of the imminent; experience informed by destiny. One in whose cosmoical soul the forming spirit of the future can brood over the waters of this present world; one having been tempted in all points like as we, but clothing upon our nature those diviner attributes which can make intercession for us with the centuries to come. There is a certain moment at sunrise among the mountains when the eyes are full of daybeams that have not yet reached the body, but the eye receives them and the whole frame is glad. So, also, in the great mornings of this world. Happy he who is as eyes to a noble nation, full of that coming celestial light to which, because the eye sees it, the clasping hands are upheld. Such a man we may delight to honour. We have turned hither and thither to a thousand false cries, and reverence, a thousand times excited, is feverish to be satisfied. Here at last she may kneel her fill. This worship has no unknown gods or bugbear rites. We signed its creed in Saxon and received its bloody baptism two centuries ago. All that has in all ages made renown, will secure this man's place in the loving recollection of the world. Classic fame and modern glory would alike acknowledge qualities which appeal to the universal heart of mankind. But to us, having the instincts of our English blood and the inheritance of our British history, adding to so large a share in general human nobility and the common stock of accomplished virtue as need leave us envious of no European people, the great entail of inalienable privileges and dearly-purchased heirlooms peculiarly our own, this Tartar from the wilds of Hungary brings claims that have never yet crossed our seas. That one political Idea which we have canonised, and which, as a palladium has been passed down the centuries by hands which never met but thus, and in the battlefield, that Representative abstraction which in fealty and in fear, in knowledge and in ignorance, good men and bad have combined to adulate and to surround with the varying substance of more or less clumsy realisation, that divine umbra of liberty which kings have praised and barons sanctuaried, and to embody which in these last days, 658 sniggering men of us meet year by year with stranger conjurations, that great ancestral thought

Whose place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west,

And from the far east are returning with yet sublimer reverberation, that most significant offspring of the special intellect of our British race, who lived in a barbarous age, one of the most recondite truths of philosophy, comes at last to the Thames from the Danube, made flesh in the person of one sufficient man. Let the strong arms of England take him to her heart. So thought what was noblest in the mind of Britain. The shores of Southampton and the ovations of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, gave the solemn answer of tremendous FACT.

By a curiously complete consistency this essentially real character of the Hungarian contest has extended to the literature to which it has given rise. Though containing the materials for the noblest poetry, the wildest fable, the most exalted national and personal romance, it has been content hitherto to be the unsung epic of the century. The pens that have recorded it have been, for the most part, satisfied with the simplest statement of isolated facts. Stray Journals, Personal Narratives, Private Letters, and "Foreign News"—in such literal utterance have these stupendous events been content, as yet, to translate themselves. Better things, truly, are in progress, but the best of these is not more idealised than History. Unless, indeed, that strange mystery should clear up which death so critically darkened at Birmingham, and *The Adventures of the Baroness Von Beck* be removed from the biographical or historical shelf, to take place beside Sagas and Odysseys. Truly, if a book which, as the *bona fide* recital of actual experience might claim, from the events of which it treats, the purpose which

it testifies, the principles which it asserts, the sublime self-sacrifice that it commemorates, and the severe and artistic skill with which the great and varied picture is grouped and shadowed—to rank among remarkable heroic poems, shall be proved to belong to fiction not in manner only but in matter, it would be a bold task to assign the writer's true position among the authorage of Europe. And a task no less sad than bold, for that verdict which gave us another DEFOE, would take from our anthology WILHELMINA VON BECK; and write one more divorce in that cause-list, already too long, which registers the infidelity of genius to honour.

Veramente sian noi polvere ed ombra
Veramente la voglia è cieca e 'ngorda
Veramente fallace è la speranza.

(To be continued.)

India in Greece; or, Truth in Mythology; containing the sources of the Hellenic Race, the Colonization of Egypt and Palestine, the Wars of the Grand Lama, and the Buddhist Propaganda in Greece. By E. POCOCKE, Esq. pp. 406. London: J. J. Griffin and Co. 1852.

THE literature, the philosophy, and the history of Greece, combine to form a subject furnishing endless materials of thought to cultivated minds, whatever be their peculiar genius or their favourite pursuit. In the influence which Greece still continues to exert over the thought of Christendom, we see an ever-present testimony to the power and the genius of those

Great of old!
The dead but sceptered sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

With an enthusiasm which never flags, we see the greatest minds of every age turning back to gaze on the land of the Hellenic people, as at once the cradle of liberty, poetry, philosophy and religion; now deriving from its institutions valuable lessons of philosophical statesmanship; now seeking to invoke from the old sources, the absent spirit of poetry and song; now awakening, by the inspiring narrative of its heroic deeds, the slumbering spirit of patriotism and valour; and now extracting, from its marvellously-woven tissue of mythic invention, the simple facts which national genius and religion had glorified into mysteries and miracles. To the philosopher, the poet, the artist, the patriot, the politician, and the historian, the ancient annals and monuments of Hellas, furnish a study of never-fading interest. As in the paintings of some of the old masters, the attention of the different spectators is arrested by different groups, according as their own peculiar character and prepossessions may guide them, so in the picture presented by ancient Greece, there are features on which the eye of every observer may settle with pleasure. In the Greek mind, and the history which discloses its workings, there is a peculiarly human character which wins for it more than a partial or evanescent interest, and invests it with an unspeakable attraction for all people and all ages. There is no history, ancient or modern, which still continues to attract so much attention as that of Greece; and perhaps at no former period has it been so well understood as now.

The labours of NIEBUHR, and his English disciples, have done much to clear the earliest age of classical history, from the fabulous additions of mythical invention, which the easy credulity of previous writers had been content to receive as *bona fide* incidents; and it is the peculiar merit of the great German scholar, to have rescued the particular truths which underlie all legends, and which, as allegorically presented in ancient fable, give even to mythic lore a real historical importance. Of the correctness of the results at which NIEBUHR arrived, or, at least, of the method of investigation which he introduced, we believe scholars are now-a-days very well convinced. The author of the volume before us, however, though acknowledging the value of their labours to a certain extent, yet does not accept them as finally determining all that is determinable, regarding Hellenic antiquity. He regards the various mythic stories, not as the offspring of the Greek mind, but as derived from another people, and another land, and as having a real historical foundation. He regards the original Pelasgian race as a colony of emigrants from India, or as descendants of Indian colonists, who, before their immigration, had attained to a very high degree of cultivation, and brought with them the arts of civilized life, together with the

faith and the philosophy of their native land. Of the myths he says:

We are called upon by theorists to renounce the instincts of our nature; to class the siege of Troy, the Argonautic expedition, the history of Hercules, the history of Theseus—nay, the whole by γ , crowded scene of early Hellas, with the product of mythopœic propensities, and secretions from the fancy. Alas, for this dream! I shall prove incontrovertibly, not only that such things were distorted facts, but I shall demonstrate that the Centaurs were not mythical—that the Athenian claim to the symbol of the grasshopper was not mythical—that the Autochthones were not mythical—that the serpent Pytho was not mythical—that Cadmus and the dragon's teeth were not mythical—that Zeus was not mythical—that Apollo was not mythical—that the Piërian muses were not mythical—that Cecrops was neither legendary nor mythical; but as historical as King Harold.

In announcing India as the country whence the Pelagian race proceeded, Mr. POCOCKE quotes the following passage from Mr. GROTE's history:

I describe the earlier times by themselves, as conceived by the faith and feeling of the first Greeks, and known only through their legends; without presuming to measure how much or how little of historical matter these legends may contain. If the reader blame me for not assisting to determine this,—if he ask me why I do not withdraw the curtain and disclose the picture, I reply, in the words of the painter Zeuxis, when the same question was addressed to him, on exhibiting his masterpiece of imitative art: "The curtain is the picture." What we now read as poetry and legend, was once accredited history, and the only history which the first Greeks could conceive or relish of their past time. The curtain conceals nothing behind, and cannot, by any ingenuity, be withdrawn. I undertake to show it only as it stands; not to efface it—still less to repaint it.

Mr. POCOCKE, however, knows better than Mr. GROTE, and thus neatly states the case: "The picture is Indian, the curtain is Grecian; and that curtain is now withdrawn."

Mr. POCOCKE's volume is, undoubtedly, the work of a learned man, and in the course of it he has adduced many interesting facts; but we confess we are not satisfied as to the success of his attempt to exhibit "India in Greece." He very ingeniously gains a hearing for his argument by the following

COMPARISON BETWEEN MODERN BRITAIN AND ANCIENT GREECE.

It is readily granted that the language of a nation is one of its most durable monuments. Its buildings may have crumbled into dust, its people may have become extinct, and all but this evidence may have passed away. The English language illustrates, and the Greek confirms this assertion. Amidst the numerous dialects which compose the former, the Saxon has left by far the strongest impression on our native tongue. The simple deduction, independent of history, is clear; that people, once speaking the Saxon language, lived in this island; it is then equally clear that these were Saxons. Apply this to Greece. What is it that strikes the literary student so forcibly as this identity of structure, of vocables, and inflective power, in the Greek and Sanscrit language? Every day adds fresh conviction—produces fresh demonstration of this undeniable fact. The Greek language is a derivation from the Sanscrit; therefore Sanscrit-speaking people, *i. e.* Indians, must have dwelt in Greece, and this dwelling must have preceded the settlement of those tribes which helped to produce the corruption of the old language; or, in other words, the people who spoke that language, *i. e.* the Indians, must have been the primitive settlers; or at least, they must have colonised that country so early, and dwelt there so long, as to have effaced all dialectic traces of other inhabitants; just as the Saxons displaced the feeble remains of the dialect of the Ancient Britons in this island, and imparted a thoroughly Saxon stamp to the genius of the English language. But if the evidences of Saxon colonisation in this island—I speak independently of Anglo-Saxon history—are strong, both from language and political institutions,—the evidences are still more decisive in the parallel case of an Indian colonisation of Greece—not only her language, but her philosophy, her religion, her rivers, her mountains, and her tribes; her subtle turn of intellect, her political institutions, and above all, the mysteries of that noble land, irresistibly prove her colonisation from India: (pp. 18, 19.)

Now this passage leaves us in no doubt as to the earnestness of the author, as the rest of the volume leaves us in no doubt as to his learning and acuteness; but, as he has summoned his inquirer to a simple and dispassionate investigation of the truth, we have reason to object to a

certain want of calmness, a positive and over-confident air, which he here and elsewhere assumes. In the comparison instituted between Greece and England, which we have just quoted, some flagrant imperfections must be manifest, even to the unlearned and merely common-sense reader. Of course, in all comparisons which are intended to establish anything, the contrast must be between well-ascertained facts, and the grounds on which they have been received, and other facts, as yet not so well ascertained, yet for which there exist the same grounds of credibility. Now, in the present instance, how does the case stand? On the one side there is the greatest certainty; on the other, a total want of historical evidence of any kind. It is certainly known what the Saxon language is; it is also certainly known that an immigration of the Saxon people to England took place at a specific period; there is certain historical evidence of the nature of the Saxon institutions, language, and modes of thought; and the evidence, still existing, of a Saxon influence in the English laws, language, and practical habits of reasoning, is a very satisfactory confirmation to our minds, of the truth of the history which relates these facts. But, in order to justify any comparison between modern England, after its numerous admixtures of foreign blood, and ancient Greece, at what is now commonly called the legendary period, we must either eliminate all this history, or else we must require historical evidence, equally satisfactory in kind, and abundant in amount, of the existence of an Indian colonization of Greece, at that early period. Mr. POCOCKE fancies he has made the contrasted cases equal by the parenthesis: "I speak independently of Anglo-Saxon history;" but it is impossible for him to do this, however sincerely he may believe that he is doing it. The modern inquirer into the origin of the English race comes to the investigation with a mind possessed by the strongest, and, at the same time, the most justifiable preconceptions. The historical facts regarding the Saxon people with which he is familiar, must, either consciously or unconsciously, be his real guide to the conclusion at which he shall arrive, in reference to the traces of a Saxon influence in Britain, and, consequently, of a Saxon immigration at some former period. He cannot, at will, empty his mind of its contents, and, for the sake of observing the forms of an unprejudiced investigation, banish out of the court of judgment a vast array of facts which have justly determined him in his belief as to the derivation of his race. A procedure such as this is possible in the courts of law, where a formal result is arrived at, and the legal evidence requisite to obtain a verdict is not necessarily identical with the moral evidence which is required to establish a belief; but it is wholly impracticable in the investigations of the mind itself, where all evidence bearing on the point is admissible, and, once received, can never be withdrawn.

Nor is the other alternative one which Mr. POCOCKE is in a position to accept. He has no historical evidence of a sufficiently early or satisfactory kind to offer as a proof, either of an Indian colonisation of Greece previous to the Pelasgic, or of the essentially Indian character of the Pelasgic race. In default of such evidence, he endeavours to prove that the geographical names of the rivers, mountains, and localities of Greece have an Indian origin; that, wholly underrivable from the Greek, their original is to be found in the Sanscrit; and that the clue thus given to the derivation of the aboriginal or quasi-aboriginal race of Hellas is carried out by a comparison of the mythology of early Greece with that of India. We think those who have an opportunity of seeing the manner in which some of these identifications are made, will agree with us that the whole superstructure which the author of this volume has attempted to rear on them, has little besides hypothesis or clever conjecture for its foundation. The philological resemblances are decided in a very arbitrary manner; and the points of similarity in religious faith, or in legendary conception, are such as might be equally established in respect to the mythologies of Egypt, Phrygia, Phœnicia, and even the Scandinavian nations of Northern Europe. As an example of the manner in which the author seeks to identify Greek names with the names of Indian places, we quote the following passage:

The same tendencies which induced the maritime Athenian, Corinthian, and Megarian, to select in Hellas positions so favourable to commerce, influenced the movements of the *Les-poi* (*Les-boi*), or *Chiefs of Les*, a province lying along the coast, a little to the north-

west of the Gulf of Currachie. These seafaring people took up their abode in the isle of *Les-bos*.

To the south of Megaris and Corinth, the *Sar'wanicas*, or people of Sarawan, had at one time formed an important settlement, as is evident from their name left as a legacy to the "Saronic Gulf." Sarawan is bounded on the north and west by Afghanistan; on the east by Afghanistan and Cutch Gandava, &c. * * * To the north of Sarawan and Shawl lies the river *Arghasan*, which gave its name to the province of *Argos*. The *Arghasan* rises in the western declivity of the *Amram* mountains, and flows westward to its confluence with the *Turnak*. * * * Those who lived in the district of *Arghas* were called *Argh-walas* (*Argolis*), or inhabitants of *Arghas*. * * * To the north of the *Argh-walas* (*Argolis*) will be found the now comparatively insignificant village of *Akkebu*, the record of a tribe and distinct race of far more importance than at the present day. The proper derivative form to express "the people of *Akkebu*" is "*Akkaiku*." There is no difficulty in finding them on the Corinthian Gulf as *Achaia*. A tribe of the *Sogurbs* (whose district lies somewhat to the southwest of *Akkebu*), settled down in Greece in a distinct and separate body. Their new habitation was on the *Crissæan* Bay, and the land bounded by the north-eastern shores of the Corinthian Gulf. These *Loeri Ozolæ* are *Sogurbi Ouksh-wald*, *i. e.* the *Sogurb* settlers on the *Ozûs*.

Our space will not admit of any extract, illustrative of the mythological part of the author's argument. His account of what he calls "the introduction of the Lamaic worship into north-eastern Hellas," is marked by great ingenuity. Certainly, no author ever knew better how to make the most of very slender materials. We have already said that we are not satisfied with the evidence on which we are invited to accept Mr. POCOCKE's conclusion, although, at the same time, we must admit the existence of much that makes his reasoning plausible. That there existed a connection between the original race of Greece and a Sanscrit-speaking people we will not dispute; but this is no more than to say that the original inhabitants of Greece and of India belonged to the same great family, and must, at some very early period, have been united in a common ancestry. The distinguishing characteristic of the Sanscrit and kindred languages is a peculiarity of structure impossible to be mistaken, and a power of expressing the syntactical relations by inflection, and not by juxtaposition; and there seems nothing unreasonable in asserting of all nations, speaking a language of this kind, that they belong to the same great division of the human race. This seems all, however, that the facts warrant us in asserting; and it is something very different from laying down, as an incontrovertible fact, the identity of two particular subdivisions of this great family, on the ground of some vague resemblances which are common to them all. The opinion which Mr. POCOCKE has revived is no new one. A tradition, ascribing an Indian origin to the Pelasgi, is referred to by PLATO, though it never obtained so much currency as that which derived them from Egypt. We cannot regard the present work as having done more than give plausibility to a particular hypothesis. The question must remain as before, a fruitful subject for conjecture. While admiring the industry, therefore, which Mr. POCOCKE has displayed, we feel disposed to regret that he should have spent so much valuable time, and brought so much learning to bear on an investigation for the determination of which there are, from the nature of the case, no sufficient data.

A. R.

Opinions and Policy of the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston, as Minister, Diplomatist, and Statesman; with a Memoir. By GEORGE HENRY FRANCIS, Esq., Editor of "Maxims, &c., of the Duke of Wellington." London: Colburn and Co.

It is not in our province to pronounce any opinion upon Lord PALMERSTON as a politician. That is a task we would willingly leave to the newspapers. We have but to inspect this selection from his speeches, with an eye critical to discover the graces or defects of style—the merits or demerits of the composition. The editor has arranged them in chronological order, and he has merely culled fragments which contained some expression of opinion on subjects of public interest. Considering the vast number of topics touched upon in the course of so many years, amid such changes in foreign and home politics, and such singularly shifting phases of public opinion, it must be admitted that the noble Lord has been tolerably consistent in his political views, however seemingly otherwise in his party associations. This, at

least, he never forgets—that he is an *Englishman*. The characteristics of his oratory are of the same complexion. His language is plain, and to the point. He seldom attempts *flights*; he eschews the rhetorical; he is always intelligible; there is substantial thought in his words, and meaning in his sentences. It is *English* oratory of the best class, and this volume will be a perpetual monument to his memory, when he shall have departed from the busy scene in which he has played so prominent a part.

The History of Egypt from the Earliest Times till the Conquest of the Arabs, A.D. 640. By SAMUEL SHARPE. In 2 vols. Third Edition. London: Moxon.

BRIEF and pleasant is the duty we have to perform, in placing upon record the appearance of a *third* edition of Mr. SHARPE's history. It has been already reviewed in these pages, and the public have most emphatically approved the judgment then passed upon it. To our thousands of new readers, we have only to repeat of it, that it is the most complete history of Egypt in our language, for the author has availed himself of all the discoveries of modern research. To those most familiar with all former histories, this will have almost the aspect of an entirely new work; it will read like the first revelations of an unknown land, so much has been accomplished by the investigations of the learned into the records written upon the tombs in that huge cemetery of an extinct civilization.

Battles of the British Navy. By JOSEPH ALLEN. Vol. I. London: Bohn.

A NEW edition of a work which enjoyed great popularity is added by Mr. BOHN to his "Illustrated Library." The author has himself revised it with the aid of the works of other labourers in the same field. The edition is lavishly adorned with portraits of the most distinguished British naval heroes, and diagrams of the actions fought. The present volume contains no less than nineteen of the former, and twelve of the latter.

MR. WASHINGTON WILKS has published a closely-printed volume called *The Half Century; its History, Political and Social.* (Gillpin.) It is a rapid review of the extraordinary succession of great events which have thronged upon the world since the beginning of the present century, written with much spirit, and well adapted for mechanics' libraries, where the prices of books must be considered in the purchase.

BIOGRAPHY.

Recollections of a Literary Life; or, Books, Places, and People. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. In 3 vols. London: Bentley.

The reader of this title page would expect to be treated with the recollections of a *Life*. With what disappointment will he find in it little more than recollections of *Books*! There are pleasant associations with the name of MARY RUSSELL MITFORD and her *Village*. She is known to have had an extensive literary acquaintance, and the reminiscences of her long and prosperous career could not but be an attractive announcement. The greater, therefore, was the disappointment we felt on finding that these volumes are for the most part made up, not of recollections, but of *collections*; not of memories of persons and places, but of gatherings from books, with a few comments to link them together. This book-making is the bane of our modern literature; it brings authors into discredit. Here have we a collection of extracts from books that might be bought at the book-stalls for a few pence; expunge these, and the real autobiographical matter, the recollections promised by the title-page, would contract into a single volume of very moderate dimensions. We care not that the author who has done this is one whom we respect and regard so highly as Miss MITFORD; the more her fame the more it is her duty not to take advantage of it for the purpose of book-making, and whether the offender be great or small, we shall never cease to denounce the fault wherever and whenever we find it.

This work of Miss MITFORD begins with *Percy's Reliques*, introducing some *real* recollections of her childhood. Then she proceeds to other books, makes some remarks upon them, gives some extracts, and, if the subject suggests them, adds a few more of her recollections of past times. Sometimes, when talking about modern books whose writers she has known, she gives some account of them, and these are the best, indeed the only really valuable, portions of the work,

and it is from these that we take the few extracts that will introduce the better parts of this book to our readers. We take first an interesting account of

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her, said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality, or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed with dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the *Prometheus of Æschylus*, the authoress of the *Essay on Mind*, was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language was out. Through the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town. We met so constantly and so familiarly, that in spite of the difference of age intimacy ripened into friendship, and after my return into the country, we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be—her own talk put upon paper. The next year was a painful one to herself and to all who loved her. She broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, which did not heal. If there had been consumption in the family, that disease would have intervened. There were no seeds of the fatal English malady in her constitution, and she escaped. Still, however, the vessel did not heal, and after attending her for above a twelvemonth at her father's house in Wimpole-street, Dr. Chambers, on the approach of winter, ordered her to a milder climate. Her eldest brother, a brother in heart and in talent worthy of such a sister, together with other devoted relatives accompanied her to Torquay, and there occurred the fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially of devotional feeling, to her poetry. I have so often been asked what could be the shadow that had passed over that young heart, that now that time has softened the first agony it seems to me right that the world should hear the story of an accident in which there was much sorrow, but no blame. Nearly a twelvemonth had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea-breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning her favourite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one; after the catastrophe no one could divine the cause, but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found. I was told by a party who were travelling that year in Devonshire and Cornwall, that it was most affecting to see on the corner houses of every village street, on every church-door, and almost on every cliff for miles and miles along the coast, handbills, offering large rewards for linen cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best; one, I believe, an only son, the other the son of a widow. This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but a most unjust feeling that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year, that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs almost close to the sea; and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek; in all probability she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skilful and kind though he were, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight. Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends (I, myself, have often joyfully travelled five-and-forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house); reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that

poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess. Gradually her health improved. About four years ago she married Mr. Browning, and immediately accompanied him to Pisa. They then settled at Florence; and this summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her once more in London with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on muleback up the sources of extinct volcanoes. May Heaven continue to her such health and such happiness.

So is the following reminiscence of

A VISIT TO COBBETT.

I never saw hospitality more genuine, more simple, or more thoroughly successful in the great end of hospitality—the putting everybody completely at ease. There was not the slightest attempt at finery, or display or gentility. They called it a farm-house, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time. Everything was excellent—everything abundant—all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity that of the large circle of guests not one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife, very lately dead, to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Ailce Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and her children.

At this time William Cobbett was at the height of his political reputation; but of politics we heard little, and should, I think, have heard nothing, but for an occasional red-hot patriot, who would introduce the subject, which our host would fain put aside, and get rid of as speedily as possible. There was something of Dandie Dinmont about him, with his unflinching good-humour and good spirits, his heartiness, his love of field sports, and his liking for a foray. He was a tall stout man, fair and sunburnt, with a bright smile, and an air compounded of the soldier and the farmer, to which his habit of wearing an eternal red waistcoat contributed not a little. He was, I think, the most athletic and vigorous person that I have ever known. Nothing could tire him. At home in the morning, he would begin his active day by mowing his own lawn; beating his gardener Robinson, the best mower except himself in the parish, at that fatiguing work.

For early rising, indeed, he had an absolute passion; and some of the poetry that we trace in his writings, whenever he speaks of scenery or of rural objects, broke out in his method of training his children into his own matutinal habits. The boy who was first down stairs was called the lark for the day, and had, amongst other indulgences, the pretty privilege of making his mother's nosegay and that of any lady visitors. Nor was this the only trace of poetical feeling that he displayed; whenever he described a place, were it only to say where such a covey lay, or such a hare was found sitting, you could see it, so graphic, so vivid, so true was the picture. He showed the same taste in the purchase of his beautiful farm at Botley, Fairthorn; even in the pretty name. To be sure, he did not give the name; but I always thought that it unconsciously influenced his choice in the purchase. The beauty of the situation certainly did. The fields lay along the Bursledon river, and might have been shown to a foreigner as a specimen of the richest and loveliest English scenery. In the cultivation of his garden, too, he displayed the same taste. Few persons excelled him in the management of vegetables, fruits and flowers. His green Indian corn, his Carolina beans, his water-melons, could hardly have been exceeded at New York. His wall-fruit was equally splendid; and much as flowers have been studied since that day, I never saw a more glowing or more fragrant autumn garden than that at Botley, with its pyramids of hollyhocks, and its masses of China-asters, of cloves, of mignonette, and of variegated geranium. The chances of life soon parted us, as, without grave faults on either side, people do lose sight of one another; but I shall always look back with pleasure and regret to that visit.

As a specimen of the manner in which these volumes are made out of cuttings from other books, we may instance the poems of W. MACKWORTH PRAED, all of which are found in *The Penny Magazine*. The authoress inserts a number of the published poems of the late THOMAS DAVIS, of Repeal notoriety, and even goes to American books to fill her own. Thus she takes from the works of Dr. HOLMES of Boston, a spirited poem, which will probably be new to many of our readers:

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly night, and merry Christmas chimes:
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the ancient tale—
‘Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like
a fall;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

‘Twas purchased by an English squire, to please his loving
pamé,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
‘Twas filled with caudle, spiced and hot, and handed smoking
round.

But changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then—of course you know what’s next—it left the
Dutchman’s shore,
[more]
With those that in the Mayflower came, a hundred souls and
Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes;
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

‘Twas on a dreary winter’s eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl and filled it to the
brim;
The little captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in—the man that never feared—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow
beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and
All drank as ‘twere their mother’s milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle
flew—
[halloo:
He heard the Pequots’ ringing whoop, the soldiers’ wild
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and
kin—
[lands gin.”

“Run from the White man when you find he smells of Hol-
A hundred years and fifty more had spread their leaves and
snows,

A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub’s nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
‘Twas mingled by a mother’s hand to cheer her parting boy.

“Drink, John,” she said, “‘twill do you good,—poor child,
you’ll never bear
This working in the dismal trench out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, ‘twould keep away
the chill.” [Bunker’s hill!
So John did drink,—and well he wrought that night at

I tell you there was generous warmth in good old English
cheer;

I tell you ‘twas a pleasant thought to bring it: symbol here
‘Tis but the fool that loves excess: hast thou a drunken soul!—
The bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past—its pressed yet fragrant
flowers,

The moss that clothes its broken walls, the ivy on its towers,
Nay, this poor bangle is bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist
and dim

To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallow all it holds, what’e’r the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words—“My dear, where
have you been?”

We may add one of Mr. PRAED’s charades.

Come from my *First*, aye, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trumpet and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought;
So; forward and farewell!

Toll ye my *Second*! toll!
Fling high the flambeau’s light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
So,—take him to his rest!

Call ye my *Whole*, ay, call.
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable poill
With a noble song to-day:
Go, call him by his name!
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier’s fame
On the turf of a soldier’s grave.

If Miss MITFORD had called this work by its
proper name, we should have had the more
pleasing duty of praising and recommending it,
but we cannot, with any regard for the honest
judgment which our readers look for, and shall,
we trust, always receive, do otherwise than pro-
test against giving to it a title that would make it
appear to the public as an original autobiography.

*The Successful Merchant. Sketches of the Life of
Mr. Samuel Budgett, late of Kingswood Hill.*
By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M. London: Hamilton,
Adams and Co.

THE LIFE of SAMUEL BUDGETT, the Bristol
Cheeryble, would, if ably written, make an ex-
cellent addition to a much needed and most useful
class of biography; the one which teaches to the
great industrial classes the worth of industry,
prudence, and foresight; and to the capitalist
the immense advantages which lie in the path of

an enlightened relation between the employer and
the employed. A book so written would warm
the worthy heart of the author of the *Claims of
Labour*—but we have nothing of the kind here—
the writer, not honest SAMUEL BUDGETT, the
Bristol Cheeryble, is the hero of the book. Here
and there the good old gentleman, with his ming-
led thrift and generosity, his sectarianism, yet
liberality, his sternness, yet kindness, smiles upon
us; but for the major part of 392 pages, we have
the writer of the book, and his views, *ad nauseum*.
There are writers who cannot give us too much of
themselves and their views; but these are pre-
cisely of that modest class who, when they have
a portrait to paint, paint it, and not themselves.

SAMUEL BUDGETT was born in 1794. His
parents were of the labouring class, but through
thrift, industry, and foresight, their son rose to
be one of the most opulent merchants in the west
of England. We do not much admire some of his
first indications of knowing how to turn a penny;
but by-and-by, when he has reached middle life,
and success makes his better nature shine, we
have this glimpse of him and a business which
took its rise in the little general shop of a country
village.

You might often have seen driving into Bristol, a
man under the middle size, verging towards sixty,
wrapped up in a coat of deep olive, with grey hair, an
open countenance, a quick brown eye, and an air less
expressive of polish than of push. He drives a
phaeton, with a first-rate horse, at full speed. He looks
as if he had work to do, and had the art of doing it.
On the way he overtakes a woman carrying a bundle.
In an instant the horse is reined up by her side, and a
voice of contagious promptitude tells her to put up her
bundle and mount. The voice communicates to the
astonished pedestrian its own energy. She is forthwith
seated, and away dashes the phaeton. In a few minutes
the stranger is deposited in Bristol, with the present of
some pretty little book, and the phaeton hastens on to
Nelson-street. There it turns into the archway of an
immense warehouse. “Here, boy; take my horse, take
my horse!” It is the voice of the head of the firm.
The boy flies. The master passes through the offices as
if he had three days’ work to do. Yet his eye notes
everything. He reaches his private office. He takes
from his pocket a memorandum-book, on which he has
set down, in order, the duties of the day. A boy waits
at the door. He glances at his book, and orders the
boy to call a clerk. The clerk is there promptly, and
receives his instructions in a moment. “Now, what is
the next thing?” asks the master, glancing at his
memorandum. Again the boy is on the wing, and
another clerk appears. He is soon dismissed. “Now,
what is the next thing?” again looking at the memo-
randum. At the call of the messenger, a young man
now approaches the office door. He is a “traveller;”
but notwithstanding the habitual push and self-pos-
session of his class, he evidently is approaching his
employer with reluctance and embarrassment. He
almost pauses at the entrance. And now that he is
face to face with the strict man of business, he feels
much confused. “Well, what’s the matter? I under-
stand you can’t make your cash quite right.” “No, sir.”
“How much are you short?” “Eight pounds, sir.”
“Never mind; I am quite sure you have done what
is right and honourable. It is some mistake; and you
won’t let it happen again. Take this and make your
account straight.”

The young man takes the proffered paper. He sees
an order for ten pounds; and retires as full of admira-
tion as he had approached full of anxiety.

“Now, what is the next thing?” This time a porter
is summoned. He comes forward as if he expected
rebuke. “Oh! I have got such a complaint reported
against you. You know that will never do. You must
not let that occur again.”

Thus, with incredible despatch, matter after matter
is settled, and all who leave that office go to their work
as if some one had oiled all their joints.

At another time, you find the master passing through
the warehouse. Here, his quick glance descries a man
who is moving drowsily, and he says a sharp word that
makes him, in a moment, nimble. There, he sees
another blundering at his work. He had no idea that
the master’s eye was upon him, till he finds himself
suddenly supplanted at the job. In a trice, it is done;
and his master leaves him to digest the stimulant.
Now, a man comes up to tell him of some plan he has
in his mind, for improving something in his own depart-
ment of the business. “Yes, thank you, that’s a good
idea;” and putting half-a-crown into his hand, he
passes on. In another place he finds a man idling.
You can soon see, that of all spectacles this is the one
least to his mind. “If you waste five minutes, that is
not much; but probably if you waste five minutes
yourself, you lead some one else to waste five minutes,
and that makes ten. If a third follow your example,

that makes a quarter of an hour. Now, there are
about a hundred and eighty of us here; and if every
one wasted five minutes in a day, what would it come to?
Let me see. Why, it would be fifteen hours; and fifteen
hours a day would be ninety hours, about eight days,
working time, in a week; and in a year, would be four
hundred days. Do you think we could ever stand waste
like that?” The poor loiterer is utterly confounded.
He had no idea of eating up fifteen hours, much less
four hundred days, of his good employer’s time; and he
never saw before how fast five minutes could be multi-
plied.

Turning from this energetic merchant to the estab-
lishment of which he is the head, you are astonished at
its magnitude and order. “What business do you call
yours?” would be your natural inquiry. “General
Provision Merchants.” And, verily, they do seem bent
on making general provision. The warehouse is one
hundred and eighty feet long, by three hundred and
fifty at its greatest depth. You pass from office to
office, from yard to yard, from loft to loft, and from loft
to cellar, till you wonder how all this has been brought
under one roof. Then you are led across the street to
commence a similar process, on a smaller scale in a
bonded warehouse. Even though you have travelled
a good deal, you may find the tour of that warehouse a
curious and instructive journey. Here you come upon a
region of loaf sugar, where it is stored up, pile upon
pile, as if seven years of saccharine famine had been
foretold. There you light upon a tract of sugar tierces,
before which you cease to wonder at the piles of loaf.
“What!” you say to yourself, “are all these tierces to
be melted away in tea-cups?” Then, thinking such
masses must move off slowly, you ask, “How much
does each tierce weigh?” “Ten hundred weight.”

“And do you sell many of them whole?” “We
sold two hundred and fifty last week.”

Here, you come upon a territory overgrown with
tea-chests; there, upon a colony of casks replenished
with nutmegs, cassia, and all spicery. Again, you are
environed with piled-up boxes of fruit; then with a vast
snowy region of flour. Presently, you are in a land of
coffee; then, in a realm where treacle reigns alone,
parading itself in hogshead after hogshead, and dozens
of hogsheads, till you see there is more treacle in the
world than you ever thought before. Now you are wan-
dering in a wilderness of cheeses; then on lofts which
groan under mountains of peas. Here tobacco abounds;
there bacon. And, as if to mock your surprise at the
large store of articles which rank among the necessities
of life, you find a heap of canary seed, which, in a
barn, would look respectable for a heap of corn. As
you prosecute your journey, here you are in stables with
stalls for forty or fifty horses; there, in a carpenter’s
shop; again, amongst a band of coopers. Below, you
find a troop of waggons, laden with their capacious carts,
and marching off to distribute the contents to steam-
boats and railways, in an array that would do no dis-
credit to a military commissariat. In one office (through
which you must needs pass to get into the warehouse),
you have a clerk, whose business is simply to learn
your errand, and to direct you accordingly. In another,
you have a salesman, surrounded by all manner of
samples, and cheerfully at the service of any customer
for cash. In another set of offices you have a large
array of clerks. In each department you find a head
man, with his troop under him. Here, they are breaking
up tierces of sugar, and mixing the different kinds.
There, they are weighing flour. In this corner, you
find a man before a solid heap of currants, which
stubbornly retains the form of the cask, belabouring it
with an instrument uncommonly like a fork in a stable
yard. Here, they are with an order-book, making up
the items of an order. There, they are weighing and
packing. In a central position, an inspector is placed
in a counting-house glazed on all sides, from which he
can look out on the whole stream of business, as it
passes to and fro. In another place you find a
monster coffee-roaster in full play. Again, you are in
a room where some half-dozen kinds of tea are ready to
be tasted by one of the principals. Presently, you
light upon a band who are hidden behind a drapery of
flour bags, and thus secluded, are repairing such bags
as have suffered in the service. Near these, you see
three boys seated at an anvil, hammering old nails
straight. This, you are told, is one of the first steps
in the establishment. On entering, a boy is set to
this work. If diligent here, he is promoted to serve under
the master bagmender. If he do well there, he is made
a messenger; and then his future position in the house
depends on his ability and application. “But,” you are
very likely to ask, “what are these old nails which the
boys are beating straight?” “O! they are the old nails
picked up about the concern.”

“And are there old nails enough picked up about
the concern to keep three boys employed?” “Not
constantly.”

As you pass through the different scenes of labour,
you find the men moving with great regularity. Every

one is at work, yet there is no haste. You receive an impression of activity, rather than of bustle. You naturally inquire, "What are your hours of business?" "The men come at six; some of the clerks at half-past seven. We leave just when we have done; the clerks about four; the porters at from five to half-past." "When you have done; what do you mean by that?" "We always do the day's work within the day; and we are at liberty to leave when it is done."

The reader will judge from this extract what an English worthy fine old SAMUEL BUDGETT was; and we believe what he thus effected as an employer, and the good he achieved in raising the moral, religious, and educational condition of the wretched population of Bristol and its neighbourhood, would together form an admirable biography, if written by some one passably acquainted with social science, and in a Christian spirit more liberal than sectarian. Mea, as well as nature, are best judged of and discovered from a large point of view.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. 3 vols.
London: Bentley. 1852.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

We left the fair New England Transcendentalist, in the autumn of 1846, listening to the roar, loud or subdued, of the various literary lions of the Mother Country. With the fall of the year, we read of her in the gay metropolis of France, where she appears to have enjoyed herself heartily, now communing with Madame SAND, whom she found in "a handsome, modern residence," and "robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance full of simple and lady-like dignity;" now transfixed by the "Sibylline ugliness" of RACHEL, now full of delight when, on a casual call on LAMENNAIS, the "somewhat citizen-looking, but vivacious elderly man whom I was at first sorry to see, having wished for half-an-hour's undisturbed visit to the Apostle of Democracy," turned out to be the "national lyrist of France, the great BERANGER!" She "missed hearing M. GUIZOT in his speech on the MONTPENSIER marriage," but "saw the little Duchess, the innocent or ignorant topic of all this disturbance, when presented at court." Nay, she "attended not only at the presentation, but at the ball given at the Tuileries directly after," where, with a welcome touch of the true Transatlantic feeling, she records that, "as often happens, several American women were among the most distinguished for positive beauty; one from Philadelphia, who is by many persons considered the prettiest ornament of the dress circle of the Italian Opera, was especially marked by the attention of the King." And so Paris and its sights all seen, she left for Italy, and arrived in Rome in the spring of 1847, little dreaming of what awaited her there. Through the summer and autumn of this year she toured about, seemingly in the company of her American friends, in Italy and Switzerland, floated for a fortnight on the Lake of Como, saw MANZONI, and found "spiritual efficacy in his looks," "delicate tenderness" in his eyes, and at last could write thus to EMERSON, from Rome, at the close of October:—"I am happily settled for the winter, quite by myself, in a neat tranquil apartment in the Corso, where I see all the motions of Rome,—in a house of loving Italians, who treat me well, and do not interrupt me, except for service. I live alone, eat alone, walk alone, and enjoy unspeakably the stillness, after all the rush and excitement of the past year."

Ah! Miss MARGARET, this may be the truth and nothing but the truth, but it is not the whole truth! In the spring, when first arrived in Rome, she had met by chance a certain Marquis OSSOLI, according to the testimony of strangers, "of a reserved and gentle nature, with quiet gentleman-like manners; something melancholy in the expression of his face, which made one desire to know more of him. In figure he was tall, and of slender frame, with dark hair and eyes; we judged that he was about thirty years of age," MARGARET herself verging upon forty! Her own account of him is: "He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfailing minute activity, may put

most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement." In short, MARGARET, who had come to Italy to study the marvels of Nature and Art, found herself, in the December of 1847, Marchesa OSSOLI. Marchesa OSSOLI while to the world in general she remained Miss MARGARET FULLER! For her husband's father left but a small estate to be divided among three brothers, and had it been known that OSSOLI was married to a Protestant, exile and beggary would have been his lot. And as the marriage was concealed from his friends and relations, he made it a point of honour that it should remain concealed from hers: hence endless perplexities and mystifications.

Alas! too, the revolutionary storm was brewing, and when it burst, complicated MARGARET's situation still more. She had scarcely enjoyed the Carnival and German Artists' Ball and Italian Masquerade, when other public interests of a very different kind intervened. "I saw," she writes, "the Austrian arms dragged through the streets here, and burned in the Piazza del Popolo. The Italians embraced one another, and cried *Miracolo!* Providence! the Tribune Ciconacchio fed the flame with faggots; ADAM MICKIEWICZ, the great poet of Poland, long exiled from his country, looked on; while Polish women brought little pieces that had been scattered in the street, and threw into the flames. * * * Men danced and women wept with joy along the street. The youths wished to enrol themselves in regiments to go to the frontier. In the Colosseum their names were received." By breeding and connection, MARGARET's husband was Conservative, but she had known MAZZINI in London, was "Young Italy" heart and soul, and soon converted the quiet OSSOLI into a republican as enthusiastic as his temperament would allow him to be. Enrolled in the Civic Guard, and chained by his duties to Rome, which his wife had left first for "Aquila, a small old town perched among the mountains of the Abruzzi," and then for "Rieti within the frontier of the Papal States," he snatched a brief absence in the month of September, and was by her side when she became a mother. Let us insert a passage or two characteristic of MARGARET in Italy, the artist and the woman.

ANGELINO'S BIRTHPLACE.

My baby saw mountains when he first looked forward into the world. Rieti, not only an old classic town of Italy, but one founded by what are now called Aborigines, is a hive of very ancient dwellings, with red-brown roofs, a citadel and several towers. It is in a plain, twelve miles in diameter one way, not much less the other, and entirely encircled with mountains of the noblest form. Casinos and hermitages gleam here and there on their lower slopes. This plain is almost the richest in Italy, and full of vineyards. Rieti is near the foot of the hills on the one side, and the rapid Velino makes almost the circuit of its walls, on its way to Terni. I had my apartment shut out from the family, on the bank of this river, and saw the mountains, as I lay on my restless couch. There was a piazza, too, or, as they call it here, a loggia, which hung over the river, where I walked most of the night, for I could not sleep at all in those months. In the wild autumn storms, the stream became a roaring torrent, constantly lit up by lightning flashes, and the sound of its rush was very sublime. I see it yet, as it swept away on its dark green current the heaps of burning straw which the children let down from the bridge. Opposite my window was a vineyard, whose white and purple clusters were my food for three months. It was pretty to watch the vintage—the asses and waggons loaded with this wealth of amber and rubies—the naked boys, singing in the trees on which the vines are trained, as they cut the grapes—the nut-brown maids and matrons, in their red corsets and white head-clothes, receiving them below, while the babies and little children were frolicking in the grass.

Very pretty, no doubt, and extremely commonplace in comparison with this romantic locality, a homestead in Old or New England. But in justice to the latter, let us add, on MARGARET's own testimony, that the inhabitants of picturesque Rieti are "the most ferocious and mercenary population of Italy," and plundered the poor mother with ruthless cruelty. Now for the other picture:

MOTHER AND CHILD.

In the morning, as soon as dressed, he signs to come into our room; then draws our curtain with his little dimpled hand, kisses me rather violently, pats my face, laughs, crows, shows his teeth, blows like the bellows, stretches himself, and says *bravo*. Then, having shown off all his accomplishments, he expects, as a reward, to be tied in his chair, and have his playthings. These

engage him busily, but still he calls to us to sing and drum, to enliven the scene. Sometimes he summons me to kiss his hand, and laughs very much at this. Enchanting is that baby-laugh, all dimples and glitter—so strangely arch and innocent! Then I wash and dress him. That is his great time. He makes it last as long as he can, insisting to dress and wash me the while, kicking, throwing the water about, and full of all manner of tricks, such as, I think, girls never dream of. Then comes his walk;—we have beautiful walks here for him, protected by fine trees, always warm in mid-winter. The bands are playing in the distance, and children of all ages are moving about, and sitting with their nurses.

This is written from amid a happy sojourn at Florence, on the 1st December, 1849, fifteen months after the birth of her son, months of care, struggle, and privation to the OSSOLIS. The husband's income was trifling, and, through all her troubles, MARGARET kept her pen busily at work, partly, we presume, in that department of "own correspondence" which Transatlantic editors would favour during such a European crisis, and partly on a work on Italy and the Italians, which was to bring its authoress both fame and profit, if destiny proved favourable, which it did not. And the Roman revolution was raging; and the French besieging Rome all the time. With the beginning of 1849, the married pair had returned to Rome, and early in March MAZZINI arrived there. "Last night," she writes on the 9th of March, "I heard a ring; then somebody speak my name; the voice struck upon me at once." It was MAZZINI. "He looks more divine than ever, after all his new strange sufferings. * * * He has sent me tickets twice to hear him speak in the Assembly. It was a fine commanding voice; but, when he finished, he looked very exhausted and melancholy. He looks as if the great battle he had fought had been too much for his strength, and that he was only sustained by the fire of his soul." Then came the attack of the French; the husband was at his soldier-post, and the wife at an hospital, which the "Roman Commission for the succour of the wounded" besought her to superintend; a function which she executed admirably. "I have walked through the wards with MARGARET," writes a friend, "and seen how comforting was her presence to the poor suffering men. 'How long will the Signora stay? When will the Signora come again?' they eagerly asked."

A month or two more and the curtain dropped on the vivid drama; the Roman republic was no more; and the OSSOLIS prepared to seek a home beyond the western wave. The winter and spring of 1850 were spent by them in cheerful tranquillity at Florence, where a pleasant American circle was assembled, and the kindness of such English friends as Mr. and Mrs. BROWNING mitigated the longing with which MARGARET looked once more to find herself in native New England. The rest of their story may be told in a few words. On the 17th of May, they embarked in a sailing packet, *The Elizabeth*, at Leghorn; and on Thursday the 15th July they "were off the Jersey coast, somewhere between Cape May and Barnegat," and the confident captain, when his passengers retired to rest, "promised to land them early in the morning at New York." But the "fresh breeze" that was blowing when these hopeful words were spoken rose into a gale which at midnight became a hurricane. For hours *The Elizabeth* was driven towards the sand-bars of Long Island, and "about four o'clock, on Friday morning, July 16th, she struck—first draggingly, then hard and harder—on Fire Island Beach. The main and mizen masts were at once cut away; but the heavy marble in the hold had broken through her bottom and she bilged. Her bow held fast, her stern swung round, she careened inland, her broadside was bared to the shock of the billows, and the waves made a clear breach over her with every swell. The doom of the poor *Elizabeth* was sealed now, and no human power could save her. She lay at the mercy of the maddened ocean."

In the grey dusk of morning, the passengers, rushing upon deck, saw the shore a few hundred yards before them. Early, in the day, men were seen there gazing at the wreck; and the wretches, careless of the fate of the crew, had soon brought a waggon to the beach, and were loading it with the goods washed ashore. Three miles off was a light-boat, which arrived on the scene between twelve and one in the forenoon; but no efforts were made to launch her; and for the next two or three hours, so soon, indeed, as it was evident that the cowards on shore would not stir to save them, OSSOLI and his wife knew that death was at

hand. At a little past three all was over, husband, wife and child were swept into eternity. The following is from the Journal of a friend of MARGARET'S, "whom the news of the wreck drew at once to the scene."

FINALE.

It is a touching coincidence that the only one of Margaret's treasures which reached the shore, was the lifeless form of Angelino. When the body, stripped of every rag by the waves, was rescued from the surf, a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and, wrapping it in his neckcloth, bore it to the nearest house. There, when washed, and dressed in a child's frock, found in Margaret's trunk, it was laid upon a bed; and as the rescued seamen gathered round their late play-fellow and pet, there were few dry eyes in the circle. Several of them mourned for Nino as if he had been their own; and even the callous wreckers were softened for the moment, by a sight so full of pathetic beauty. The next day, borne upon their shoulders in a chest, which one of the sailors gave for a coffin, it was buried in a hollow among the sand heaps. As I stood beside the lonely little mound, it seemed that never was seen a more affecting type of orphanage. Around, wiry and stiff, were scanty spires of beach grass; near by, dwarf cedars, blown flat by wintry winds, stood like grim guardians; only at the grave-head a stunted wild rose, wilted and scraggy, was struggling for existence. Thoughts came of the desolate childhood of many a little one in this hard world; and there was joy in the assurance that Angelo was neither motherless nor fatherless, and that Margaret and her husband were not childless in that New World.

To-morrow, Margaret's mother, sister, and brothers, will remove Nino's body to New England.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum.

Lives of the Northern Worthies. By HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Edited by his Brother. A new Edition. In 3 vols. London: Moxon.

It will be remembered that, in the brief Biography of HARTLEY COLERIDGE which we presented when noticing his collected poems, it was stated that he undertook to write a series of biographies of the distinguished natives of the northern counties, and that, to ensure the performance of this task, the bookseller found it necessary to lock him up in a room, and keep him prisoner there, until the printer was supplied with sufficient copy. Although thus written rather in performance of a contract and under the pressure of necessity than from choice, for he continually complained of it as a drudgery, they are yet extremely interesting compositions, displaying in many parts the genius of the author, and, therefore, deserving a permanent place in the biographical literature of England. Mr. MOXON has just published a new edition of them in three volumes, similar in size and type to the other works of the same author, for which the reader is already indebted to his enterprise. They comprise thirteen *Lives*, among them the attractive ones of ANDREW MARVELL, Dr. RICHARD BENTLEY, Lord FAIRFAX, ROGER ASCHAM, JOHN FISHER, Sir RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, WILLIAM ROSCOE, Captain COOK, and WILLIAM CONGREVE.

AMONG the small books of Biography that have appeared during the last fortnight, we have to notice a spirited *Life of Milton*, by CYRUS R. EDMONDS, and a *Life of Constantine the Great*, by JOSEPH FLETCHER. Both are written by Nonconformists, and treat the subject with the bias of their own anti-Church opinions.

RELIGION.

Horæ Evangelicæ; or the Internal Evidence of the Gospel History. By the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. London: Seeley.

A DOUBLE object has been designed in this learned, elaborate and very interesting and instructive volume—to be a contribution to the historical evidence of Christianity, and to throw a fuller light on the mutual relation of the Four Gospels, the special design and origin of each narrative, and their spiritual features as a Divine Revelation.

The progress which German rationalism has too surely made in this country, more especially among the intellectual classes, to whom that fatal philosophy has addressed itself, flattering their pride by appeals to their reason, while winning them to give to its sophisms an attentive ear by the outward show of respect with which it treats Christianity, and the pretence it makes of being rather its investigator and purifier, than its opponent and destroyer, will cause the true Christian, the veritable believer in God's word, as it is, to welcome with acclamation a champion such as this, which manfully encounters and triumphantly routs the foe that has been so long in the midst of us. Mr. BIRKS shuns no

sophism, flies from no fallacy, but putting his spear in rest rushes to the attack, trusting in God and his good cause. His searching criticism omits nothing that goes to establish the literal truth of the Gospels or to expose the errors of their impugnors. They say that the sacred books are not real histories, but a collection of early legends, which had their origin in ideal conceptions of the Messiah, gradually assuming a definite form, and made to cluster round *Jesus of Nazareth*. If there be any of our readers whose faith may have been shaken by these fallacies of the Rationalists, we implore them to read this volume. Here they will find an overwhelming answer; here will they be restored to the confidence of their old and happier season of pious faith in the Saviour. Mr. BIRKS has invoked the facts of history and the most convincing deductions of reason in aid of his generous design. His success has been accordingly. He has done an invaluable service to the cause of religion, for which he deserves to be rewarded by some public recognition of his merits.

The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science. By JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D. Fifth Edition. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN has done another good service to religion as well as to science by adding to his *Scientific Library*, and thus vastly multiplying the circulation among classes to which it has been hitherto inaccessible, Dr. PYE SMITH'S triumphant Vindication of the Harmony between the Word of GOD as written in His book, and the works of GOD as seen in Creation. Although at the first sight there appeared to be a discrepancy between revelation and the facts of science, which induced some thoughtless persons too hastily to deny the latter, even in the face of the plainest proofs, and thus to endanger the cause of religion more than its enemies could have done, a little further examination and reflection served to show that the differences are in seeming only; that sufficient allowance had not been made for figurative language; that the words were not to be construed literally; that days were not our days but GOD'S days, which are thousands of years. To Dr. PYE SMITH is religion mainly indebted for the masterly vindication of its authority, as being not only unshaken by the discoveries of science, but as being positively confirmed by them. This book will do more to destroy scepticism than any in our language, and it ought to be placed in the hands of every young person, and read aloud in every school and family, and now that it can be procured so cheaply there needs be no limit to its diffusion.

AN eighth edition, carefully revised and corrected, with additional notes and authorities, by the Rev. J. CLARKE CROSTHWAITE, M.A., of POTTER'S famous *Discourse of Church Government*, has been published by Messrs. TAGG. It is very neatly got up.—The Rev. J. H. HIXTON has sent us a little volume entitled *The Test of Experience; or the Voluntary Principle in the United States*, designed to show that religion is better provided for by the voluntary system, than by a state provision. However it may be in some parts of America, we fear it would be found very inefficacious in English rural parishes, where now the clergyman is the only teacher and friend of the poor.—*Footsteps of our Fathers*, by JAMES G. SMALL, is stated to be designed "to exhibit some of the phenomena of Religious Intolerance." This in itself would be a good and useful object; but the author endeavours otherwise to apply it. He attributes it to *establishments*. He forgets to tell us of the equal intolerance, to the extent of their power, of sects not established.—Two little volumes descriptive of the condition of the Church of England in the *Reigns of the Tudors*, and in the *Reigns of the Stuarts*, are published avowedly to exhibit the Established Church in the most unfavourable aspect, and with an evident purpose thus indirectly to infuse a preference for voluntarism. Although in form a History, they are in fact the clever but specious and thoroughly one-sided pleadings of an Advocate.—A *Commentary on the Church Catechism* (HOPE and Co.), is designed to aid parents and Sunday school teachers in the explanation to the young of the doctrines and precepts contained in the Catechism. The Author has the happy art of expressing himself in simple and intelligible language.—Dr. F. HOUSTON has inserted a notice of a little volume, lately published for him by GARDNER, of Paisley, entitled *The Judgment of the Papacy, and the Reign of Righteousness*. He anticipates the coming fall of the Papal power, by the direct intervention of Divine wrath, and he is of opinion that its fall will be accompanied with other changes, as the sweeping away of all corrupt establishments, and with alterations in the business and customs of society. We believe that the self-same prophecy has been uttered with equal fervor and confidence a thousand times at least, and that Dr. HOUSTON is not more likely to be a true prophet than his predecessors.—The Rev. J. D. SCHOMBERG has issued a pamphlet, very argumentative, learned, and eloquent, entitled, *Baptismal Regeneration, a Scriptural Doctrine*. Its title indicates its purpose.—An *Essay on Auricular*

Confession, and Special Judicial Absolution, by WILLIAM PEACE, Esq., examines these practices by Scripture, and the Ordinances of the Reformed Church of England, contending that they are neither taught by the one, nor recognised by the other.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

MR. JAMES S. BAIRD has sent us *The Classical Manual*, designed to be an epitome of Ancient Geography, Mythology, Antiquities, and Chronology. He states that it is designed for the "Junior Forms." If so, heaven help them, for this book will not. It is little more than a collection of names and dates, the dry bones of knowledge, which, thus presented, is naturally repulsive to youthful minds, who require images and ideas, and not mere words to write themselves upon the memory. We repeat that all such books as these are worse than worthless, they are positively pernicious, and we should like to make a bonfire of the lot and forbid their writers ever to print another page. Oh! for a good, sensible series of school-books and children's books! Will nobody do that service to our children?

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

WE have received the following smaller works:—*Letters from Sicily written during the year 1835* (Grant, Edinburgh), contains a short description of that island which should have been consigned to a magazine, instead of being put into a volume, but which is entitled to the merit of some graphic descriptions of scenery; but the dialogues on things in general might be spared.—"The Illustrated National Library" has just received, as an addition, a complete Translation of Ida Pfeiffer's *Woman's Journey Round the World*, more interesting than any romance, and made still more attractive by a number of engravings of great beauty. This Library is certainly one of the most extraordinary enterprises of the time, and amply deserves the success that has attended it. Last summer a party of our young countrymen caused a London wherry to be conveyed to the Rhine, and devoted the vacation to an exploration of that river and its tributaries. The appearance of so novel an object as a well-shaped boat, pulled by gentlemen, produced quite an excitement among the inhabitants of every place they visited. They received great attention; had leisure to enjoy the scenery, because they moved slowly, and stopped whenever they felt inclined; they met with no accident, although with some narrow escapes; and on their return one of the party, Mr. —, has commemorated the enterprise in a little book, which briefly, but pleasantly, narrates their adventures, under the title of *The Log of the Water Lily*. So gratified were they with this novel mode of touring, that they contemplate visiting other European rivers in the same manner, and for the benefit of those who may be inclined to do the like, the writer gives a statement of the costs of the conveyance of the boat, which were only 14*l.* 10*s.* or about 3*l.* a-piece for the five persons of whom the crew consisted.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

"I PREFER the nightingale herself" said PHILIP of Macedon to a man who prided himself in imitating the notes of that delightful songster. The judgment and fine taste of the Macedonian monarch have been confirmed in every modern court of criticism. That immortal bird which was "not born for death," as poor KEATS beautifully observed, answers in the still midnight to the melodies of our pensive spirits, whereas any counterfeit, be it never so excellent, would fall tamely on the ear. Consummate skill and severe practice may produce something like vocal resemblance between the man and bird, but the effort of the biped would be essentially imitative, and nothing more. In order to test the value of resemblance, we will, in the place of nightingale, substitute the word poet, and so endeavour to do justice to Mr. READE'S volumes. Some contemporaneous critics have charged Mr. READE with being an imitator, than which nothing is more easy to assert, or more difficult to prove. We cannot assert that Mr. READE has steered clear of the appearance of imitation, but in strict justice we think it right to observe that similar ideas in two poets may not prove the imitativeness of either, because the *onus probandi* lies in the attempt to resemble, which can only be safely ascertained by the confessions of an author. It is scarcely possible that a poet can have full justice done him unless it be conceded by the critic that "similarity is not always imitation," as the elder D'ISRAELI

wisely asserted. Mental ideas are common to all men, and the materials for illustration are scattered prodigally about us; they are, in fact, common property for ever existing in the fecund earth, in the prolific sea, and in the brave overhanging firmament. It is not extraordinary that any single idea should imprint itself and germinate in many minds. Simultaneously a planet has been discovered by two scientific men, in two countries. There is so much cant and blundering about what is termed originality, that a new poet is only safe when he invests a new idea with a new style, for not only uniformity of thought but uniformity of manner engenders many mistakes in those who make the discovery. Admit the principle generally into the arts and sciences, and it would be destructive of a vast amount of beauty and method, architecture would be broken into fragmentary disorder; its purest style and grandest feature would be subject to the merest caprice. It would be ridiculous to assert that the artist who follows the grace of the Gothic, or the noble simplicity of the Doric is a copyist because he follows the orders which gave beauty to Strasburg Cathedral, and the Parthenon. Genius is hardly less excellent because it frames its style of workmanship from the method of genius anterior to it.

The same may be observed of subject as of style. There is, however, this disadvantage, that the same theme treated by two poets excites in readers a keener power of comparison. This comparison will be acutely exercised by many who peruse Mr. READE's "Italy," composed in the Spenserian stanza, and his "Destiny," originally published under the name of "Cain the Wanderer," because BYRON's name is too significant and great to be easily forgotten. In point of fact, there is no real similitude between Mr. READE's poems and the intense sorrow and suffering of the wandering "Childe;" and still less resemblance to that mighty "Mystery" which in 1821 came like a crash of echoing thunder on the literary world, and which, as SCOTT observed, "matched MILTON on his own ground." Objects and situations being the same, or nearly the same; Italy presenting to two poets similar substantive features; the Spenserian verse being by both considered the best vehicle for variety, fancy, power, and pathos, it seems to us that a certain likeness is absolute, and which cannot exactly be called imitation. It will be to Mr. READE's disadvantage that there is any resemblance though it turns out to be mainly external, and we cannot help saying that the author has shown a want of caution in venturing so boldly in the luminous footprints of BYRON. Mr. READE's ornate and florid style serves to exhibit in bolder form, if it be possible, the terrible force of BYRON's Saxon utterance. No living poet is mighty enough to give us such another terrific picture of the straining snakes and LAOCOON's mortal struggles; or the proud gladiator, fearless of death, yet still in his last pang, turning back to his rude hut by the Danube, where he sees "his young barbarians all at play." Mr. READE has attempted, or he has been forced to attempt by the imperativeness of his theme, a revival of this picture, "O that way failure lies; no more of that."

If we may judge from the best portions of the volumes before us we should say that Mr. READE has little or no motive to be an imitator; he has ample resources of his own. His beauties are many and his merits considerable, but they are exhibited through a too luxurious growth of words. What Mr. READE chiefly lacks is condensation. His muse, setting aside the gender, resembles more the amplitude and weight of AJAX than the brawn and elasticity of HECTOR. Mr. READE is very correct in the details of the poetic art; he never sins against rhythmical proportion, which is too common among minds of greater poetic scope. The poet is the highest revelation of the artist, he is the perfect artist spiritualized; therefore he has not unfolded himself aright if he has scorned the mechanical contrivance of a poem. The present volumes are principally filled with dramas, and dramatic poems, a distinction that is usually marked and prominent. The main difference of a perfect drama and a dramatic poem lies between the actual development of human actors, and the conceivable development of human actions. We do not anticipate that the actor will be called upon to popularize even the most representative drama that Mr. READE has written—"Cataline." Powerful description, acute philosophy, and glowing imagery, even where they abound in the highest degree, are not alone sufficient to familiarize a drama to the public mind. It was a belief of the great Napoleon (the adject-

tive is significant and really indispensable) that there is one particular moment in the fate of a battle, in which a single blow would give success to the general who perceives it. SHAKESPEARE's "tide in the affairs of men" may have strengthened the idea of the Corsican, but the chief point is to discover when the moment arrives. If this is true of a battle, it is equally true of a drama, for a drama is no other than a mimic battle of life. The truest eloquence, declamation, and pathos, indispensable as they are, must be looked upon as auxiliaries. These cannot alone sustain a drama. The human mind cannot be kept at any extreme tension, and when the highest attributes of the poet's brain begin to exhaust public attention, that is the precise moment, similar to that for which NAPOLEON watched, which should be seized by the poet in order to show the triumph of art. It is a moment when an opportunity given to an actor for the display of histrionic skill will give an acted drama that wide popularity which a dramatic poem rarely attains. This is one cause of SHAKESPEARE's power and universality; none but he having wedded such consummate skill with such immortal thoughts.

Viewing Mr. READE, not as a writer of dramas but as a writer of poems, we assert that he has gained a title to be heard. We could cull numerous passages finely conceived and beautifully executed, each and all of which exhibit an earnestness which shows unmistakably that the heart of the man is in the songs of the poet. From the length of the poems we shall not quote any in its complete form, but merely pluck a couple of slips from the living tree.

Fling back the Orient gates! behold awaking
Aurora beautiful from trance'd sleep:
While with crystalline fingers she is shaking
Morn from her dewy hair; the young hours keep
Watch o'er her ear, and round its pathway sweep
Roses, for scattering onward as they flee,
Light rays flashed forth like foam from the blue deep;
Downward they wheel in dance and revelry,
Waking on earth's gray hills the choirs of melody.

Her eyes are flashing glories! round her head
Iris her diadem ethereal flings,
Her bow o'er which the sun's rich rays are shed,
Who with all radiant eyes the treasure brings
For his immortal daughter; forth she springs,
Her car is loosed, her banner is unfurled,
Life wakes from death-like sleep, time plumes his wings,
Night's shadows backward to their caves are hurled,
Behold! great day is born and walks along the world.

FROM "REVELATIONS OF LIFE."

Ancestral England! allal is our love
To thee, yea, reverential is our trust,
Mindful of all thou hast been, all thou art.
Among thy vales with watching trees o'erhung,
Thy brooks' deep chorus swelling at our feet,
Filling the temple of our life with sound;
Thy cottages gray faces peering seen
Through branches aged as thy brows, the shy,
Hallowing untrodden sanctuaries of shade;
There, where the eye feeds on the beautiful
It half creates, while we drink in the air,
Feeling its spirit in our life instilled:
The sense of a pervading moral truth,
The consciousness of honourable freedom,
There do we murmur from our heart of hearts,
"How beautiful is England!"

Such the thought.
Moving unconscious numbers as I neared
The pastor's cottage on Holme-lea. It crowned
A steep ravine amid engraving woods.
The setting sun upon the valley fell,
Tinging the loftier trees with mellow light:
The spirit of joy presided o'er the spot,
Felt in its hues, heard in the rushing stream,
The DART that hurried among shadowing depths,
Clove on its flashing coursers. The devils path
Opened on a broad avenue of limes,
Arching above the distant vicarage.

Dante's Divine Comedy. The Vision of Hell. Translated in the original Ternary Rhyme. By C. B. CAYLEY, B.A.

WHEN a person undertakes to translate a serious, earnest, and thoughtful work, it is to be expected that his own feelings should at least harmonize with the character of his author.

In the present instance, the slightest glance will show that Mr. CAYLEY had no reverence whatever for DANTE, who is completely transformed and disfigured in the hands of his new translator. So burlesque, indeed, is the production before us, that we ought, perhaps, to express our thanks to Mr. CAYLEY for affording us many a hearty laugh, at the mixture of absurdity and vulgarity which we shall have occasion to expose.

Mr. CAYLEY, with what grace we need not say, has endeavoured to ridicule his predecessor, WRIGHT, for not attempting more than a double rhyme; evidently supposing that if, by the most daring boldness and perversion of language, he could collect together three jingling rhymes, he should accomplish all that was wanting to naturalize DANTE. Hence we scruple not to aver, that if Mr. CAYLEY intended his work to be understood, he should have accompanied it with a new

dictionary of the English language, unless he supposed a slang dictionary would suffice.

Mr. CAYLEY is so unintelligible, that we have been constantly obliged to refer to the original to understand his meaning. We shall, therefore, translate him, for the benefit of the English reader, into the versions of CARY and WRIGHT. We will begin with

THE FIRST SIMILE IN DANTE.

Allor fu la paura un poco queta,
Che nel lago del cor m'era durata
La notte ch'è passal con tanta pietà.
E come quel che con lena affannata
Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva,
Si volge all'acqua perigliosa, e queta;
Così l'animo mio, ch'ancor fuggiva,
Si vola a retro a rimir lo passo
Che non lascio giammai persona viva

CAYLEY.

This sight some portion of the fear allays,
Which in the lake, even my heart, had stayed
That night, when pity followed all my ways.
And as a man, whose very breath's afraid,
Emerging from the billows on the shore,
Turns to the perilous deep, and stops dismayed;
Thus did my spirit, fleeing evermore,
Turn back to look again upon that pass,
Which never mortal has with life gone o'er.

The use of the present tense instead of the past, as in the verb "allays," is a practice adopted by Mr. CAYLEY without scruple. "The lake, even my heart," is a miserable version of "nel lago del cor;" and still worse, "when pity followed all my ways," as a transcript of "con tanta pietà." The perversion of, "whose very breath's afraid," as a substitute for "breathless," suffices to show that, for the sake of a rhyme, Mr. CAYLEY will adopt any nonsense. "Stops dismayed," is no translation of "e queta;" and "with life gone o'er," is a most lame and impotent conclusion.

THE SAME BY CARY.

Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
All of that night, so pitifully pass'd:
And as a man, with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet fall'd,
Struggling with terror, turn'd to view the straits
That none hath pass'd and liv'd.

THE SAME BY WRIGHT.

Then was awhile allay'd the chilling fear
That still within my heart's lake trembling stood,
The night I pass'd in anguish so severe:
And like to one all breathless—who at last
Escaped ashore from out the perilous flood,
Turns to the wave, and gazing, stands aghast;
E'en so my mind, though yet intent on flight,
Turn'd backward, to review that vale of gloom
Which never spared the life of mortal wight.

We now come to another most celebrated passage—DANTE'S ARRIVAL WITHIN THE GATES OF HELL.

CAYLEY.

And then he placed his hand within my hand,
And gave me heart with his assured mien,
And set me thus within the secret land.
There sighs, laments and shouts of woe between,
Rang through the air that feels no starry force,
At which I wept ere I'd a moment been.
Tongues diverse, strains of horrible discourse,
And dolorous words, and accents of despite,
And clashing hands, and voices loud and hoarse,
A tumult made, which circles through the night
Of that untropical and clouded air,
Like sand, that breath of whirlwind sets on flight.

"Between," is a useless addition to eke out the rhyme. "That feels no starry force," is a most clumsy and circuitous mode of expressing the simple "starless" ("senza stelle.") "Ere I'd a moment been"—where?—"Discourse," "Despite," "Hoarse," and "Night," are all his predecessor's rhymes. What is the meaning of "a night of untropical air?"—"sempre in quell'aura senza tempo tinta,"—i.e., "air eternally darkened." The coinage results in positive nonsense. "The breath of a whirlwind set on flight," as a translation of "Come la rena quando a turbo spira," is another curiosity.

THE SAME BY CARY.

And when his hand he had stretch'd forth
To mine, with pleasant looks, when I was cheer'd,
Into that secret place he led me on.
Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierc'd by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirl'd
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

THE SAME BY WRIGHT.

Then as he clasp'd my hand with joyful men,
That comfort gave, and bade me cease to fear,
He led me down into the world unseen.
There sighs, and sorrows, and heart-rending cries
Resounded through the starless atmosphere,
Whence tears began to gather in mine eyes.
Harsh tongues discordant—horrible discourse—
Words of despair—fiere accents of despite—
Striking of hands—with curses deep and hoarse—
Raised a loud tumult, which unceasing whirl'd
Throughout that gloom of everlasting night,
Like to the sand in circling eddies hurld.

[The opening of Canto 29.]

CATLEY.

Now had my body's lights been swilled so deep
Through the grim wounds and crowds innumerable,
That all their longing was to stand and weep.
But Virgil said, "Why dost thou linger thus?
Why dost thou lodge, and 'stablish so thy view
Amongst the mammoet shades lugubrious?
Thou didst not in the other pits thus do;
Consider, if to number them thou mean,
That round the vale clasps twenty miles and two.

Who could suppose that "his body's lights swilled so deep," meant "his eyes filled with tears?" But we will leave Mr. CATLEY in penance among "the mammoet shades lugubrious," to "swill his own body's lights" with regret for having perpetrated so execrable a stanza.

THE SAME BY CARY.

So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
Disfigur'd, that they longed to stay and weep.
But Virgil rous'd me: "What yet gaze on?
Wherefore doth fasten yet thy sight below
Among the maim'd and miserable shades?
Thou hast not shown in any chasm beside
This weakness. Know, if thou wouldst number them,
That two-and-twenty miles the valley winds
Its circuit.

THE SAME BY WRIGHT.

The numerous tribes and various gashes deep
With tears had so inebriated mine eyes,
I gladly would have stood awhile to weep;
But Virgil said to me: "Why gazing so?
Why fix thy looks in melancholy guise
On the disfigured shades that lie below?
Not so thy wont in any former cell;
But, if to count them all, thy wish may be,
Think—two-and-twenty miles extends the dell.

Our limited space warns us against any further quotations at length; we therefore collect, out of an endless store of vulgarisms, &c., the following:

"Love, who from loving none beloved, *reprieves*."

"On Acherontine banks where sorrows hover."

"He rends the ghosts, and quarters them and *chaws*."

"A force of ghosts.—Dogs *afear'd*.—If the sack ye *jog*.—*Ensnecets*.—*Empoisons*.—The wave is *brayed*.—*Embound*.—They nestle all, and some.—*Nathemore*—such pity *throngs* my heart.—The noise to tame.—*Enmarble*.—*Clout*.—Living yet by stroke of lungs (i.e., alive).—*Abye*.—*Budge*.—*Vate*.—*Overclenched*.—*Thicket* the lips: (i.e., made them thick).—*Repray*.—It thinks me.—*Enlived* (for enlivened).—Charon leave thy *cark*.—In numbers shall my comedy not *cark*.—*Sales bespreat*.—*Disparate*.—*Indigest*.—Thy limbs in *tether*.—*Dismal-fatal*.—*Entowered*.—*Surquedry*.—O ghost *benused*.—Fortune-turning. —*High-proud*.—*Eclamps*.—Dreadful-named.—Eyes of hearty *teen*.—In *caudy*.—From cold *baboonish*.—*Unhair*.—*Enwined*."

—and, to express "dark," "in penury of day."

From the passages quoted it will be evident that Mr. CATLEY has failed to outstrip his predecessors, and that *terza rima* is more than ever a failure in English. Of CARY we may say generally, that his heavy blank verse affords no likeness of his author, and that the rhythmical translation of WRIGHT forms the nearest approach to DANTE's simple and poetical style, that the literature of this country has yet produced.

The Odes of Pindar, literally translated into English Prose. By DAWSON W. TURNER, M.A. To which is added, a Metrical Version, by ABRAHAM MOORE. London: Bohn.

A COMPARISON of the prose and the poetry in this volume, of the literal and the free translation, will enable the reader to decide for himself the much-disputed question whether a writer should be rendered into a foreign tongue *literatim*, or whether analogous ideas should be sought by the translator; in short, if a translation ought to be a transcript or an adaptation. The contrast here presented has induced us to give a preference to the latter. In preserving the identity of words as far as it was practicable in the change of a dead language into a living one, Mr. TURNER has entirely sacrificed the life and spirit of the original. On the other hand, Mr. MOORE (not Tom), in the conversion of Greek into English poetry, has been compelled to depart widely from the words and often from the thoughts of the poets, but nevertheless he conveys a far more accurate conception of his composition than does the literal prose by which he is preceded. But Mr. A. MOORE has unusual capacities for poetical translation; his verses are remarkably flowing; there is none of the stiffness that usually reminds the reader so painfully that the author is not pouring out his own thoughts, but laboriously putting into his own words the thoughts and expressions of another. We have been more pleased with this volume than with any of the Classical Series yet published by Mr. BOHN. Judicious as was the choice of translators with all of them, this has been the most happily selected.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. Vol. 3. Edinburgh: Chambers.

Mr. R. CHAMBERS has invented quite a new form of biography. The Poems and Letters of BURNS have been arranged chronologically and introduced into the memoir, of which, indeed, they form a part, at once illustrating and illustrated by the narrative. Until we had read them thus, we had not fully shared the poet's feelings, rightly understood his meaning, or estimated his genius at its worth. This third volume contains the compositions and incidents of five years of his life, from 1788 to 1793, in which some of his most admirable poems were written. We recommend this to our readers as one of the most delightful biographies in our language, besides being a complete collection of the works of the Ayrshire Ploughman.

The National Edition of Shakspeare. Histories. Vol. 2. C. KNIGHT.

A VERY handsome octavo edition of KNIGHT's *Shakspeare*, with all his valuable notes and illustrations, published at less than half of its original price.

A FOURTH edition of the collected *Poems and Lyrics of Robert Nicoll* (Blackie), has just appeared, testifying to the enduring popularity of a genius too early lost to the world. It is prefaced by a memoir of profound interest, that displays other no less remarkable features of his character; his manly self-reliance, his indefatigable industry, the lovingness of his nature. He is Scotland's second BURNS.—Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have presented to the British lovers of poetry the collected *Works of James Russell Lowell*, one of the foremost in local fame of the poets of America, but who is less known in England than some of his brethren of lesser merit. This reprint, at a trifling price, will, we trust, introduce him to the better acquaintance of our readers, who cannot but be pleased with the vivid imagination, the fruitful fancy, the exquisite transcripts of nature, and the lofty sentiment that pervades his productions. We will tempt them with two or three specimens. How sweet and novel a thought is embodied in—

A PRAYER.

God! do not let my loved-one die,
But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
Enough to enter thy pure clime,
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below!

O, let her stay! She is by birth
What I through death must learn to be,
We need her more on our poor earth,
Than thou canst need in heaven with thee:
She hath her wings already, I
Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me! We shall be near,
More near than ever, each to each:
Her angel ears will find more clear
My heavenly than my earthly speech;
And still, as I draw nigh to thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be.

And in a different tone, but equally imbued with the spirit of poetry, is—

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;—

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeable, constant,
Upward, like thee!

A poem, in six cantos, entitled *Helen of Innspruck, or the Maid of Tyrol* (Hamilton and Co.), has invited a notice. The preface states that it was written for the amusement of a child. We fear that this fact is not likely to recommend it to grown-up persons, for a long poem adapted to childish comprehensions could not be of the high class calculated to interest the more cultivated mind. But, fortunately for the author, although writing for a child, he has written what no child's capacities could enjoy, and the result is a volume of more than respectable poetry—a composition singularly free from faults, although wanting in the higher attributes of *genius*. He has great facility in rhyming—his ear is delicate, his command of language somewhat too apt, for at times his thronging words run away with his ideas. The tale might, perhaps, have been better told in prose; but if it be an amusement to put it into metre, it is at least a harmless occupation, which the writer may indulge without challenging cri-

ticism, provided only, that in doing so he does not violate the mechanical rules of verse.—From Mr. THOMAS BAILEY we have received *The Advent of Charity, and other Poems* (Simpkin and Co.) It is one of the multitude of volumes in this department in literature which make us wonder why written at all, and still more how they come to be printed, seeing that this is a costly proceeding which no publisher will be found to risk, and the losses of which must fall upon the authors. Occasionally we discover in this volume a flash that is almost poetry, but the author wants experience; he should write, and correct, and burn, and then write, and correct, and burn again, half-a-dozen times at least before he can venture into print with any prospect of success. There is some good stuff in him, but it is stifled in crudities.—One Mr. JOSKEPH TURNER has printed twenty pages of *Echoes of the Great Exhibition*, comprising eighteen sonnets suggested by that large theme. They are below mediocrity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Treatise on Naval Gunnery. By Lieutenant General Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, Bart. 3rd edition. 1851. London: John Murray. 8vo. pp. 638.

THERE is nothing more dangerous in warfare than to despise your enemy, or what is tantamount to it, to entertain an overweening estimate of your own prowess and powers.

It has been openly declared by high military authorities that this country is in so unprepared a state in its military resources, while France is so much the contrary, that whenever a war shall break out, we may expect the most disastrous consequences that it is possible to contemplate. And how is this assertion met? Not by disproving it in fact, by showing the extent of our preparations, and that they are sufficient, or can easily be raised in sufficient time; but by vaporizing bravados, and self-delusion, that since the time of WILLIAM the Conqueror, no foreigner has been able to make an impression on the British territory; that we always have beat the French by land and sea, and never more decidedly than during the last war; that our spirited population would rise up in hundreds of thousands, and soon drive the invaders into the sea; and, therefore, that there is not the slightest ground for apprehension, or for a thought on the subject.

We will admit most cordially that there is in the British nation a proud determination to maintain its independence, such as would always induce it to make wonderful efforts against any who would encroach upon it; that we are provided with ample general resources, and that there is an energy and deliberate courage in an Englishman that adapt him for a first-rate soldier or sailor; but these compose only the raw materials, which must be worked into shape before they are fit for use.

If we look to preceding times, we shall find that we did not trust implicitly to our being the finest fellows in the world, but thought it well to give those fine fellows as many advantages as we could. CROMWELL did not content himself with desiring his enthusiastic followers only to "trust in God," but he added the recommendation to "keep their powder dry." While acknowledging the superior character of our men, we hold it as no degradation to avow that we are more indebted for the magnitude and constancy of our successes by sea and land during the last war, to their superior proficiency in their art and their superior equipments. These, therefore, must be maintained if we would wish to retain our pre-eminence.

Confining ourselves in this article to the Naval Service, to which the book before us is chiefly devoted, let us see how the case stands.

For ages we have been pre-eminent for our seafaring population, in numbers and skill, and have turned that excellence to the most important account on occasion of every war. We had only to establish a superior force of men-of-war in a state of readiness in our ports as machines; the manning with practised and efficient seamen was speedily effected from the merchant service and fishermen, who were in a short time given every instruction and organization that was required in those times to make perfect men-of-war's men. Seamanship was in fact the all-in-all to gain a superiority in a naval action against anything except an overwhelming amount of numbers.

Thus Britain was enabled to "rule the waves." Since 1815, however, some important changes have been made, that greatly tend to lessen our advantages.

1. The raising of men by impressment has been so vehemently denounced that it is doubtful whether it could be readily at once resorted to, even in the utmost emergency; while a voluntary recruiting would be far too slow for such a case, and the most precious time will be lost before we shall even have decided what course to pursue. Our opponents, on the other hand, by their naval conscription have men enough, and trained to a considerable degree in the most important elements, ready at a moment's warning to man a good fleet.

2. The great increase of steam power in navigation will have vast influence in naval warfare: our general power in this particular will no doubt greatly exceed that of any other nation; but even in the hands of the inferior, it will be very effective in checking the means of annoyance of the superior.

Being most available when nearest to its resources, it is less favourable for prolonged cruises than for short bursts and operations. It will render the blockade of an enemy's ports a matter of great difficulty, and it will enable the weaker power to combine measures of aggression with a degree of force and certainty unknown in former times, when so many well-devised plans were notoriously defeated by untoward circumstances of wind and weather, and when, even in the most favourable cases, it was almost impossible to combine simultaneous operations from different ports.

3. The vast improvements made in naval gunnery since the last war, by making practised gunners of more value in action than able seamen, takes from us a leading advantage that we have hitherto possessed, and renders it a work of time to convert the best of seamen into a good man-of-war's man.

It is this last subject that is treated of in particular in the work now under our notice.

That a work on Naval Gunnery should be written by an officer of the army, may readily be accounted for in this instance. The father of Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, if we mistake not, was the captain of RODNEY's ship, and, it has been confidently reported, suggested the bold and brilliant manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line, which greatly tended to the gain of the decisive victory of the 12th of April. He also paid much attention to the improvement of naval gunnery.

Sir HOWARD himself passed the early period of his service in the Royal Artillery, of which he was one of the most scientific officers. Under predilections generated by these circumstances, he turned his attention, during the war, to the want of knowledge in the theory and art of gunnery in the navies of Europe, and compiled a number of suggestions for its improvement in our own service, which, in 1818, were published. This is the third edition of that work; elaborate as it is, there is little to be found in it that is superfluous or uninteresting.

In Part I. are comprised the author's original suggestions for "The Organization of Naval Gunners;" for effect, it is perhaps the most important in the book. The system has been acted upon, to a certain extent, and to such advantage, as to call imperiously for its extension, and for such amendments as seem to be required to obtain full benefit from it; one, of most importance and of essential necessity, being how to retain men thus trained in the British service. At present, they are under an organization that does not seem to be the best calculated to obtain the greatest degree of advantage from the institution. After being about a twelvemonth under instruction, they are engaged for five years, and transferred to a sea-going ship, which, being usually paid off within three or four years, there remains a period too short for another regular tour. At the end of the five years, becoming free, it is natural to expect that they will carry their acquired attainments to the best market, which may be in the service of other countries.

It is reasonable, before going to the expense of giving men what may be termed a professional education and training, that a longer period of engagement should be entered into; and, by adding to that, the superior advantages that professional acquirements are fairly entitled to, according to proficiency, there is little doubt but that this most valuable class would be retained in the British service by re-engagements, so long as their physical energies were equal to it. Financial considerations are frequently brought to bear against measures for the real efficiency of the public service. This proposition, however,

it is believed, would, fortunately, hardly conflict with the views of even ultra-economists, as this body need not be in addition to their naval forces, but only a component part of them.

There is one startling assertion made by Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS—namely, that "six years are required to instruct land service artillery men, and render them practically efficient." This is strongly expressed, and must mean that they continue to gain in proficiency during a six years' length of service, and not that they are practically inefficient up to that period.

Part II. commences with an admirable abstract of the Theory of Projectiles, which is continued to page 83.

This theory is the foundation for all reasonings on gunnery, and leads by the shortest and surest process to every improvement in the weapons and manner of using them. It requires, however, considerable mathematical attainments to understand, even when so clearly laid down; and, therefore, the working on it will be the province of the few, while the bulk of Artillerists will practise on the results emanating from the science which is beyond their reach. From thence to the end of the work, are a series of practical details and considerations with which every naval man should be thoroughly conversant. They will convey useful instruction to every officer of the army, and are not without sufficient interest to be perused by any general reader.

In page 86, doubts are expressed, and, as it appears to us, not without good grounds, whether the prepossession for heavy guns may not have been carried a little too far, so as to place vessels, where it has been applied in the greatest excess, under "disadvantageous circumstances, when opposed to such as, though equal to them in size, carry a greater number of guns, and which, consequently, possess a degree of superiority, from the power of making a plurality of discharges in a given time, and from the facility with which the less unwieldy guns may be worked."

The effect of firing double or treble shot, of windage, of the length of guns, of the recoil and preponderance of wads, penetration of shot into different materials, grape, the form and gravity of shot, with many other details regarding the service of artillery are minutely investigated and explained.

In the article of bored-up guns, the reasonings do not appear to us to be very satisfactory; they are all founded on the supposition of their being applied to the service of solid shot, and the consequent serious defects occasioned by the want of proportion of metal in the gun to resist the effort of the charge and weight of projectile; whereas the system (which was really founded by PAIXHANS, although his merit is rather slurred over) was that the re-bored guns should be applied to hollow shot, by which the equilibrium weight could be adjusted, and the advantages gained of lighter guns and shot; while the latter would be of larger dimensions, a quality to which much importance was attached for sea-service. The re-bored guns may be an expedient, and inferior to guns cast expressly on the same principle, or it may, on more recent consideration, be determined that solid shot, of inferior dimensions, are the most effective; but the real qualities of the re-bored guns, or lighter ordnance to carry hollow shot exclusively, are not quite fairly stated.

In the article on the new foreign rifle muskets, we cannot at all agree with the author in the low estimate at which he values them. All his arguments are strained and founded on fallacies. We cannot possibly understand how it is possible to under-estimate, to such a degree, the substitution in the hands of every soldier (for, of course, they will become general) of a musket that it is proved will fire with more accuracy at 800 and 1,000 yards than the present arm will at 200 and 300, and with ample force. It may be said that it requires practice and skill; but no amount of skill can produce better effects with the other, even if laid with mathematical precision, the shot is not to be depended upon beyond very short ranges. Neither does it appear that the practice need be excessive to obtain with the new arm very considerable proficiency in firing at long ranges; nor that in the hands of those very slightly practised, it is not far superior to the old musket.

It is argued that spherical case from field pieces will be more than a match for clouds of sharpshooters with this weapon—this we deny in toto. The sharpshooters would, of course, be greatly dispersed, each behind any little cover that might be available; or, at any rate, by no

means in such compact order as to present an opening for much effect from the spherical case, or shot, or shells; while the artillerymen serving the guns must necessarily be concentrated, and, perhaps, with their horses exposed, so as to form an admirable target that could hardly be missed. Supposing, however, the contest to be more in favour of the artillery than we are inclined to admit, still, it must be borne in mind, of how much less consequence would be the loss of the sharpshooters, who could be readily replaced, than the casualties of men and horses at the guns; the same observation applies to the cavalry which is relied on to oppose men so armed. Its formations for a charge will be far more difficult in open ground, and must be at greater distances than at present. Indeed, we consider that this superior power given to infantry will reduce the influence of artillery and cavalry in action in a great degree; this affects the *amour propre* of the enthusiastic artilleryman, and has, perhaps, produced unconsciously these (as they appear to us) fallacious sentiments.

The forced reasoning on this subject is carried so far, that on reading the following passage, one might be led to believe that a general, having troops armed with muskets of such improved construction, would absolutely be worse off than his opponent with the present comparatively wretched concern!

"The General who, according to the proposed scheme, had hoped, by infantry armed with rifle muskets, to drive artillery out of the field, and overpower infantry and cavalry in a general skirmish, will only commit the serious error of bringing on a general action under circumstances highly disadvantageous to himself."

Why the General is to put himself under disadvantageous circumstances, because his troops have a superior equipment, is quite unintelligible.

Then follows a long argument about the precariousness of hitting the mark at such long ranges as 800 or 1,000 yards; but it is founded on the assumption of the object being a single man, whereas it would never be attempted except at compact bodies, covering a considerable surface, such as columns of infantry, bodies of cavalry, or artillery; masses, such as have hitherto made no scruple of presenting themselves for lengthened periods at half the distance, so far as the danger of infantry fire would affect them.

It is stated that the bullets for these arms *must* be heavier than that of the present British musket, to produce the necessary range, accuracy and force. This, however, is disproved by elaborate experiments carried on in Switzerland of late years; where it has been shown, that very light balls were impelled with greater accuracy and celerity to short ranges than those that were heavier: at between from 250 to 300 yards, they were on a par; and from thence, as the ranges were increased, the heavier projectile, by preserving its impetus longer, had the advantage; but that bullets much lighter than those of our present musket would make excellent practice at 800 yards, and at that distance pierce three deal boards, each of an inch thick; and as Sir HOWARD seems to depreciate the attempt to use the musket for long ranges, even the very light balls would, on his scale, be quite efficient.

The subject is renewed in the Appendix, after further information gained; but the conclusions to which the author comes are scarcely altered. He deprecates any hasty attempt to vary from the implements that served us so well *forty years ago*; a very wholesome caution, but no argument against an effective improvement adopted by other countries.

Some useful descriptions are given of the construction of the carabine à Tige, Zündnadelgewehr, and the Minié; but in the author's reasonings on the subject, there is scarcely a passage from which we are not disposed to differ. "Rifles will never answer for line firing."

Why not, if the aim be more perfect, and the service equally simple as with the ordinary musket?

"The soldier, feeling he has in his hand a weapon which, used by a good shooter, is efficient at a great range, will have a strong inducement to expend all his ammunition in distant firing."

That is as much to say, instead of teaching a workman how to use a good tool, keep it from him, because he may misapply it.

This novelty is still in its infancy. The proposed modes of attaining the desired end are various—all of them giving considerable advantages; but being all, as yet, subject to objections, we are afforded a good chance of entering with

success into the competition, if we do not content ourselves with humble copying, as we now appear to be doing.

After this digression, Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS returns to his legitimate subject, and is again excellent in his manner of treating the vast number of matters connected with it. He offers many suggestions on desirable alterations, which we may reasonably conclude to be judicious from what his advice has before achieved in distinct improvements.

In an interesting chapter on the practice of "firing at sea," the different circumstances of the motion and relative positions of ships are carefully analysed; it leads, however, to a reflection, whether the practice from *The Excellent*, which with the marks fired at, is moored as in a mill-pond, be all that is necessary to make a naval gunner; and whether it would not be an improvement to take these men out occasionally for the day, in any cruiser which may happen to be lying at Spithead, to fire some rounds at the back of the Isle of Wight, where there is some little sea and wind. The art, it is true, is better taught when freed from those elements of circumstance; but the practice is essentially dependant on them.

We are sorry to find several instances recorded, where researches for improvements in our very important naval service are so slow; partly owing, no doubt, to the parsimony to which all our warlike equipments and establishments are subjected; and which has reduced us in many, to a tardy and humble following of measures of great advantage, long after they have been established by other Powers. By a perseverance in this system, others will be constantly in advance of us in the art of war. As samples, out of many, it seems that in 1851, we made successful trials in the practice of simultaneous loading, which had been adopted by the French navy, as much as eleven years previously; and what is more strange, the original suggestion having been made by Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS himself in former editions of this very work. And our ten and eight inch guns are confessedly adopted to put us on a par with the French.

A long dissertation is introduced on the best mode of manœuvring by single ships in bringing each other to action: however just the observations may be, we think it might have been omitted in a work which is overpressed with matter; being part of the distinct subject of Naval Tactics, and without any necessary immediate connection with instructions on Naval Gunnery.

The author promises a future publication on the application of steam navigation in war; a most difficult subject to deal with, but one that cannot be too deeply considered, as the Power that shall most clearly anticipate the best manner of applying steam in its infinite varieties, will most assuredly, by previous preparations, possess a great advantage. Since the general introduction of steam navigation, there has been no maritime war of sufficient influence to throw much light on its most effective use. The best mode of applying steam power to vessels of war, is a problem of very great difficulty, and, as yet most imperfectly understood.

To obtain high rates of speed, and a certainty in making good way through adverse winds and currents, a steamer can carry little beyond its engines, boilers, and fuel. Hence their principal application has been for mails, passengers, and a few light goods. As such, there is room for their profitable employment. Any armament given to them must be either very small for their size and cost, or at the expense of their power of locomotion.

In the days of sailing vessels exclusively, the armament of a man of war could be adjusted to the greatest degree of speed; hence the fully armed man of war had not only superior force, but superior speed to the merchantman. With steam, however, it is otherwise; and the steamers of the great trading companies will find no difficulty in avoiding any man-of-war, under the present ordinary arrangement. This disadvantage must be met by maintaining a class of men-of-war, where the amount of armament shall be made completely subservient to speed. To give them, therefore, any really efficient fighting power, they must be large; for the proportion of the entire stowage of a vessel, remaining available beyond what is required by its steam power, increases rapidly with the size.

These will form the flying squadron; and like cavalry and light troops in the field, will keep the look out, and be formidable skirmishers. They will be most valuable during the progress, and at

the close of general actions, to draw off and cover the friendly disabled ships, and to follow up and persecute those of the enemy. In spite, however, of their rapidity of movement, they will be so delicately composed in every part (and therefore so much exposed to serious injury from shot and shell), and so lightly armed as hardly to be able to contend with the ordinary heavy-armed men-of-war in an efficient state, aided, as they are likely to be, by a degree of auxiliary power. The application of this auxiliary steam power to the largest class of men-of-war, is now rapidly coming into use; and great experience, and anxious reasonings and researches will be requisite to fix on the best proportions of armament, steam power, and sailing equipment, to make the most perfect men-of-war for all objects. It is probable that, before many years, there will not be a man-of-war where the three are not combined.

These are the matters on which, it is presumed, Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS proposes to treat in his promised work. He will, no doubt, produce much that is valuable and interesting on the subject, but it is one that is so thoroughly connected with professional naval practice and study, that we are surprised at his undertaking it.

On Naval Gunnery, he has here given us indisputably the best treatise ever composed in the English, or, probably, any other language. He was the first to open the way to extensive improvements on this, to us, peculiarly interesting subject. His qualifications are so superior, he has contributed so much valuable information and instruction, mixed with so many interesting suggestions, that we shall be very anxious for the publication of any other professional works, which his active mind seems to incline him to undertake.

A GLANCE at the minor publications of the fortnight will suffice to preserve the completeness of this record of the progress of literature.—Mr. HUMBER has given to the commercial world, in a little pamphlet, extracts from the French code, with a translation, relating to partnerships *en Commandite*, and which just now will be welcome in various quarters.—Mr. CHARLES CHALMERS has issued a small volume entitled *Notes, Thoughts and Inquiries*, on social economy, in which he advocates colonization on some model plan, which, like all similar schemes that have been attempted, fail, because in a colony the freedom of action and locomotion forbids men to bind themselves to associations in which their own wills are controlled by others.—J. S. TRELAWNY, Esq., M.P., has brought out an *Epitome of the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on Church-rates*. It will be very acceptable to all who have interested themselves on this subject, and who may not have leisure nor inclination to read the bulky Blue Book.—Mr. GEO. BOOLE has sent us a lecture on the *Claims of Science*, delivered by him in Queen's College, Cork, eloquent and convincing, and well deserving an extensive circulation.—We have been much interested by the perusal of *A Glance at the European Continent*, in the form of two lectures delivered at Gateshead by the Rev. J. DAVIES, D.D., in which a singular, impartial and thoughtful view is taken of the present extraordinary aspect of affairs in Europe.—Mr. BOHN has added to his *Standard Library* the first volume of a new and complete edition of the *Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*. This volume contains a memoir of the painter and eight of his "Discourses." Copious notes have been added.—The new volume of *Bohn's Classical Library* contains the fifth of the *Works of Plato*, translated by Mr. GEORGE BURGESS, M.A. The subject of this is "The Laws." The translation is literal, and very carefully, and, as far as our comparison has been made, very correctly, executed.—The second volume of *The Works of Sir Thomas Browne*, in the *Standard Library*, contains the three last books of *Vulgar Errors*, the *Religio Medici*, and the *Garden of Cyrus*. The first of them is the most curious, and the second is the most learned, book in our language. A cheap and accessible edition of it has been long a desideratum, and Mr. BOHN will have the thanks of the whole reading public for having placed it within their reach.—Mr. JOHN E. TAYLOR has published a second edition of his eloquent essay on MICHAEL ANGELO, considered as a philosophic poet, which the lovers of the genius of art, as well as the student of philosophy, will read with pleasure and profit.—From Mr. GEORGE ELLIS, M.D., we have received a little treatise on *Irish Ethnology* (Hodges and Smith), in which he carefully reviews the popular opinion that the problem of Ireland's social and political condition is to be sought in the natural character of the Celtic race. Mr. ELLIS very acutely sketches the difference and resemblances of the Celt and the Saxon, and makes some practical applications of the results to the purposes of legislation,

education, and social amelioration. The subject is much too wide and too controversial for us to do more than make known the appearance of a clever book, that treats of it with uncommon ability, and to recommend those whom it interests to procure the volume and peruse it.—One who assumes the cognomen of GORDONIUS has sent us a little book, which professes to have accomplished the task that has perplexed all the philosophers of all ages and countries, namely, the definition of *Instinct and Reason*. His theory is thus stated by himself in his preface: "Since indecision on a subject like the present, cannot, even when aided by eminent talents, be expected to accomplish much, I set out with the positive assertion, that man acts entirely by reason, and does nothing whatever by instinct, which is exclusively confined to the brutes, and that the higher orders of them, however seemingly intelligent, never make any approach to reason." And this is seriously put forth as a new view of the question—as a discovery! Why it has been the popular opinion *always*, and has only been questioned by a small fraction of philosophers!—We have been much interested in a little book entitled *Classical Selections from British Prose Writers*, which, although gathered together with an evident political purpose, certainly contains more grand and eloquent outpourings of the mighty minds of England's worthies, than any volume of the same size we have ever seen. It is a tribute to the genius of our language. Every name of note will be found in the table of contents.—Mr. E. P. ROWSELL has addressed a series of very sensible *Letters to my Young-Men Friends*, in which he tells to divers characters among them some wholesome truths for the guidance of their conduct in life. Although professedly advising individuals, he is really conveying useful lessons to classes,—as when discoursing to the "gay" young man, or the "business," or the "effeminate," or the "literary" young man, and he is always sound in his advice both as to what should be done and what avoided.

EASE FOR MAN.—"By the year two thousand," says an American paper, "it is probable that manual labour will have utterly ceased under the sun, and the occupation of the adjective 'hard-fisted,' will have gone by for ever. They have now, in New Hampshire, a potato-digging machine which, drawn by horses down the rows, digs the potatoes, separates them from the dirt, and loads them up into the cart, while the farmer walks alongside, whistling 'Hail Columbia,' with his hands in his pockets."—*The Builder*.

CHURCHYARD MEMORIALS.—It is scarcely possible to walk through a churchyard without feeling the importance of inducing the selection of proper sepulchral memorials and epitaphs. There has been melancholy work done both in the churches and the open grounds; in the former positive damage to some of the finest buildings, and in the latter opportunities for useful teaching not merely missed, but so used as to do mischief and give pain. Since Dr. Markland published his excellent "Remarks on English Churches, and on the Expediency of rendering Sepulchral Memorials subservient to Pious and Christian Uses," a correcter feeling on the subject has become more general than it was, though we still too often see the walls of our churches plastered with

Mural Monuments, every size,
That we could wish, or vanity devise.

We once met with an epitaph as nearly as we can remember like the following:—

Underneath this ancient pew,
Lie the remains of Jonathan Blue:
His name was Black, but that wouldn't do.

That any man could have set to work to cut this deliberately into stone, letter by letter, is surprising; but that his courage lasted him out is more so. What shall we say, too, to this at Winchester, put up at the end of the last century:—

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

Affliction sore,
Long time I bore, &c.

so often met with, and such as

Here I lie, and no wonder I'm dead,
For the wheel of a waggon went over my head.

seem inoffensive after such ribaldry; and one can almost excuse, on the ground of its purpose, the American tombstone, which is inscribed,—

Sacred to the remains of Jonathan Thompson, a pious Christian, and an affectionate husband. His disconsolate widow continues to carry on the tripe and trotter business at the same place as before her bereavement.

—*The Builder*.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

SUMMARY.

IN spite of the sedulous efforts of that enthusiastic Democrat, Miss Martineau, few, almost none, of the public men of America have been able to imprint a lively image of themselves on the mind of the English reader. Washington Irving we know, and Fenimore Cooper; Channing, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, have all of them a certain currency in this country; nor has Bancroft the historian gone entirely without readers, and Everett, like him ambassador in England, lives faintly in our memories as the author of certain elegant works. But who here knows, or cares to know, anything about "Henry Clay," or "General Cass," or any other of those American politicians, each of whom Mr. Jefferson Brick would emphatically pronounce (through his nose) to be "one of the most remarkable men of our country"? No doubt their eloquence is amazing, and their command of tropes unparalleled. No doubt the humblest of them pours forth in the course of a single speech "volcanic fire" enough to equip the oratory of an English Prime Minister for a seven years' Parliament. But, notwithstanding, Daniel Webster is the only American statesman whom the English even dimly conceive to be an orator, and that not from the amount of "tropes" he uses, but from a native impassioned sincerity which, when he was in this country, gave to his after-dinner speeches an effectiveness that Yankee oratory among us has not been able to boast of before or since. Bred a lawyer, Webster has very little of the lawyer-character about him; a successful politician, he loves to fly the din of public assemblies, and is never so happy as when leading a simple rural life on his secluded New England farm. The announcement that he is preparing for the press a work with the title—*The Personal Memoirs of Daniel Webster* will not fall cold on the English reading public. And some curious illumination may be expected to be thrown from it on the noisiest, dreariest, and emptiest of all public careers, that of an American statesman.

Our Transatlantic contemporaries complain sadly of the poverty of their periodical literature, and the *New York Literary World* has recently devoted an entire paper to a Jeremiad on this subject. The *North American Review* (which, in point of status, ranks with our *Edinburgh*), pays its contributors only one-tenth of the sum reckoned, the average remuneration in this country, and is altogether doing poorly. The other American Quarterlies change hands with a rapidity significant of ill-success. As to the Monthlies, they are beneath contempt, and the best of them seems obliged to rely upon a circulation among the fair sex, by a copious publication of the newest fashions—in dress! The cause of all this the American critics recognise clearly enough to be the piracy, not only of English books, but of English articles. The most successful, perhaps of American magazines, is one which presents its readers periodically with a batch of the newest thefts. You read the table of contents:—this is an article from the *Edinburgh*, that from *Fraser*, the other from the *Times*; and even the smaller fry, *Household Words*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Eliza Cook* herself (!) are not spared.

Goethe, in a pleasant little epigram, has congratulated the Americans that they have no "ruined castles," "ancient donjon-keeps," and so forth; and are not, therefore, troubled with picturesque-sentimental poetry of the mediæval kind once so rife in Europe. Yet, short as is compared with our European periods that between Columbus' discovery of the Western Continent and the present day, it has been long, eventful, and interesting enough to repay historical genius, if historical genius existed beyond the Atlantic. In default, and in anticipation of genius, a good account of the sources of American history would be acceptable, and this is now being drawn up by Mr. Henry Stevens, the go-ahead American bookseller of London, hitherto known chiefly as the person commissioned to supply the library of the Smithsonian Institute. It is to be entitled *Bibliographia Americana*, and to comprise a description of books relating to America, printed prior to the year 1700, and of all books printed in America, from 1543 to 1700, together with notices of many of the more important unpublished manuscripts. The work

will contain a full introductory memoir upon the materials of early American history, together with an account of the principal collections of them which have been made in Europe and America. The Smithsonian Institution of Washington is to direct its publication, and some sheets of it are already, we hear, through the press.

By the courtesy of Mr. D. Nutt, the well-known Foreign bookseller of the Strand, we are favoured with a file of the *Magazin für die Literatur des Ausland* ("Magazine for Foreign Literature") a Berlin periodical, edited by "J. Lehmann." We take this opportunity of expressing our feeling of the want of a German periodical, comprising like our own journal, notices of contemporary domestic literature. The French have long been without such a journal, and the deficiency is, it is said about to be supplied. But that "Germany," literary, intellectual, book-publishing Germany, which includes such a vast population, divided into so many states and kingdoms, each with (so to speak) its national literature—that Germany so circumstanced should be without its *Critic*, does, we confess surprise us. Of the *Ausland* we have to speak favourably; indeed we could hardly do else, seeing that it has complimented us by translating into its columns the *Sketches of the Periodical and Newspaper Press* contributed by Mr. H. Smith to *THE CRITIC*; as well as by confirming at some length the verdict passed by another of our contributors, Mr. F. Grave, on Mr. Dickens' *Child's History of England*. Among its original papers we notice an ingenious parallel between Bulwer and Dickens, contributed by Herr Asher, the well-known bookseller of Berlin, from which we wish that we had space to give an extract. More interesting, perhaps, to our readers will be the following original letter of Sir Robert Peel to the Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian envoy in London, written apparently in answer to acknowledgments made by the latter of courtesies shown by the former to the famed German painter Cornelius, and which breathes throughout a heartiness for which the great statesman has never received credit:—

Whitehall, 10th October, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. BUNSEN.

My note contained merely the request that you would be good enough to come and dine with me last Friday to meet Herr Cornelius.

I can assure you that any attention which I may have had it in my power to show that distinguished artist has been more than repaid by the personal satisfaction which I received from the opportunity thus afforded me of making his acquaintance.

He is one of a noble nation, distinguished in every art of peace and war.

The union and patriotism of that nation, occupying as it does the centre of Europe, will afford the most secure guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check to the extension of all those doctrines which are inimical to the cause of religion and of order, and to that liberty which respects the rights of others.

I earnestly hope that every member of this illustrious race, while his own state remains dear to him as the land of his birth, will yet extend his devotedness beyond its narrow boundaries, will be proud of the name of German, and will recognise the right of Germany to the love, affection, and patriotic efforts of all her children.

I hope that I rightly estimate the feelings of every German by those which have been awakened in my breast (the breast of a stranger and a foreigner) by a simple song which seems to concentrate in itself the resolve of a mighty people, a song which announced in inspired tones:—

Theirs never, never, shall it be;
The German Rhine, the Rhine so free.*

Theirs never, never shall it be; and this song will guard the Rhine when, as I hope and trust, the feeling which it inspires shall glow in every German heart.

But you will begin to think that I am a gennine German, and I am one indeed, if hearty wishes for the unity and prosperity of the great German people can give me a right to claim the designation.

Believe me,

My dear Mr. Bunsen,
Ever sincerely yours.

ROBERT PEEL.

* Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein.

A couplet of Becker's well-known Rhine song.

Heinrich Heine, the chief living German poet, is, as we informed our readers, on his death-bed at Paris, from which he lately sent forth by way of dying-swan-song, his *Romancero*, and a sketch of a ballet-Faust. The newly published number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* contains the latter *in extenso*; along with a disquisition by Heine, on the history of the Faust-Legend, in which he is bold enough to take the poet Goethe severely to task for his departure, in his world-celebrated drama, from the version of the old puppet-shows. Heine's ballet was conceived for our Mr. Lumley of the Italian Opera, but its execution was knocked on the head by the success of the "Swedish Nightingale," and certainly a more telling ballet could scarcely be imagined. The first act passes in Faust's study—the old study with its bones and books and alembics—the wearied student opening a dread volume of magic lore, and with faint courage evoking the powers of hell. Gloom, horror, monstrous apparitions ensue, and out of it all, Mephistophela, the fiend in the shape of a radiant *danseuse*, with demons in the guise of radiant ballet-girls, all tripping as they go, on the light fantastic toe. She teaches Faust to dance, and shows him in a magic glass the face of a lovely lady, which frowns on him, but smiles on a male dancer of Mephistophela's suite. Whereon the enraged Faust signs the dreadful bond proffered him by Mephistophela, throws off his student garb, encases himself in that of the favoured dancer, and trips as nimbly as any of them to the end of the piece. Act the second introduces us to a "grand fête" given by a Duke and Duchess, the former old and withered, the latter lovely and a sorceress, the lady, indeed, of the magic glass.—Enter, Faust, Mephistophela and their train; no end of dances; Faust on the best possible terms with the Duchess; and Mephistophela flirting desperately with the old Duke; both connections coming to a head in Act III., a sort of masked sorcerers' ball, which satiates Faust with sorceress-love; so that he calls for Helen of Troy, the ideal of Grecian beauty. Act IV. accordingly transports us to an isle of the Archipelago, and antique Hellas, all beautifully described even in Heine's brief stage-directions. Faust woos the Grecian beauty successfully, but after ever so many amorous dances, who should fly in (on a bat), but the sorceress-Duchess, whom Faust to be rid of finally stabs to the heart. Then comes Act V.:—Scene, the square before a noble cathedral; time, fifteenth century; place, some quaint city of Flanders. It is the day of the annual bird-shooting, and the victor, escorted by his comrades, enters to receive the prize from the hands of the young and lovely daughter of the Burgomaster. Once more, Faust appears in travelling-waggon, as a quack-doctor; Mephistophela and Co. dancing before him. With his wondrous potions, he bewitches everybody, fascinates the Burgomaster's fair daughter, and with her on his arm approaches the cathedral to wed and be happy. But now the hand of Mephistophela is laid on him; the bond is produced; darkness overshadows all; the multitude flies into the cathedral, and while the holy music peals from its organ, the earth in front of it gapes; hell and its horrors are revealed, and Faust sinks to his reward! A German critic would find many hidden meanings in all this, and no doubt Heine has a covert intention of his own—especially in the metamorphosis of the fiend into a *dansuse*. But out of respect to our fair readers, we shall not peer into Heine's reasons: "no further seek its merits to disclose!"

The same number of the same review, contains a thoughtful and searching article on the "Spiritual condition of the New Generation" (*De l'esprit des nouvelles generations*), by the M. Emile Montegut, of whom we have formerly spoken so favourably. It takes for its text Mr. Kingsley's recent novel of *Yeast*; and includes the fruit of the meditations of a penetrating foreigner, on the moral and social condition of England. One or two of its most striking passages are well worth a perusal at the present moment. After an outline of the tendency of Kingsley's remarkable novel, M. Montegut thus proceeds:—

Very sharply censured by his superiors, if we are not mistaken, last year, in connection with a sermon in which he had maintained doctrines inconsistent with

orthodoxy and the letter of dogmatic religion, Mr. Kingsley contradicts himself more than once, and it would be easy to extract from his writings ideas which if pushed to their extreme development might be dangerous; but his opinions taken as a whole are full of consummate wisdom. He might, moreover, reply to his censors that he is not the only supporter of these doctrines, that the Protectionist Tories or the Liberal Peelites enforce them quite as much as he the democrat, that if he is at war with any one, he is so, on the whole (*à tout prendre*), with the most violent depreciators of the present social condition of England, namely, the Radicals and the ambitious agitators of the middle classes, with the school of Bentham and the school which cries: *laissez-faire, laissez-passer*. For, in reality, this "Christian socialist," as he calls himself, is infinitely more conservative of the actual social arrangements of England than Mr. Cobden and his friends. He is more really a partisan of the system of aristocratic patronage than the most aristocratic Whig, and there are sentences of his which might have been extracted from Mr. D'Israeli's novels and Lord Stanley's speeches.

M. Montégut is a great admirer of England and its ways, and the following passage is a summary of what he finds most enviable in both:

Such, hitherto, has been the good fortune of England, that as soon as any one interest became too threatening, another forthwith emerged to bar its passage, and hinder it from invading and overturning the established constitution of things. The antagonism of interests has thus in England shown itself to be conservative, reverse-wise of what has happened with us in France, where all classes have been topsy-turvy one after the other, and after having sought to govern, nay after having governed, separately and to the exclusion each of all the others. When people speak therefore of English socialism, an immoderate alarm is groundless, for this socialism is the preservative of the aristocracy, a rampart against the middle classes, an opposition to the Radicals, a bridle for the Liberals of every shade. When Mr. Cobden comes boasting of the charms of unrestricted *laissez-faire* and the superiority of manufacturing industry to all the other elements of social life, the aristocracy replies to him with the inquiries of the *Morning Chronicle*, and shows him at what price the splendours of manufactures have been purchased. When he exalts commercial activity as the noblest aim of human life, it asks him, statistics in hand, if the separation and mutual antipathy of classes is the aim of human society. There is not a member of the Tory aristocracy who does not express the same opinions as Mr. Kingsley, who does not confirm his facts, who does not attribute them to the same causes.

After a quotation from Mr. Johnston's recent work, *England as it is*, M. Montégut proceeds:

There is then a sort of political alliance in the England of to-day between the democracy and the aristocracy. The state of politics and the opinions of parties for some years may be summed up in a few words:—The Tory aristocracy and the democracy think that everything is going wrong, and that matters cannot long proceed as they are now doing; the Liberal aristocracy and the middle classes think that everything is going well; and that to go on as before is all that is requisite. The English aristocracy is, we thus see, divided into two fractions, each of which gives its hand to a whole social class, severed by circumstances from itself. Whatever may happen, the reins of power are not on the point of being snatched from the aristocracy; the immediate danger does not lie there. The real danger of England is the perceptible diminution of the religious sentiment—that confusion of principles which is more and more rapidly taking place, and owing to which, filling as it does the national mind with scepticism, Atheism, Rome, the most chimerical and the most fantastic doctrines are inveigling those two classes, of persons which De Maistre termed the two roots of society—women and the young.

Since the admission of Count Montalembert the French Academy has elected two new members. At least one of them is a literary man, Alfred de Musset, the other is the famed legitimist orator, Berryer. De Musset is a delicate and refined versifier, and said to be the chief model of the new generation of French poets; but he has not succeeded in making himself known on this side the Channel. What manner of man he is, readers of Madame Sand will understand when we say that he is understood to have eat for *Stenio* the poet in her *Lélia*. Paris is waiting to hear the speeches of the two new members of the Academy, and meanwhile rushes to the *Theatre Vaudeville*, to see the drama which Alexandre Dumas, the younger (whom Jules Janin calls "the son of his father,") has made out of his *Dame aux Camélias*. Not a bad plan

this, first write a novel, make fame and money by it, then turn it into a drama, and make more fame and money! It is what Jules Sandeau has lately done; as well as "the son of his father; the highly successful Mademoiselle de la Seiglière (adapted at the Haymarket under the title of the *Man of Law*) having been dramatized by Jules from one of his own novels. The latest Parisian "legitimate" drama of note is *Diane*, in five acts and in verse, by Emile Augier, of which the time is that of Louis XIII., and the action a conspiracy against Cardinal Richelieu. It appears to be a mere echo of Victor Hugo's *Marion de l'Orme*. By the way, that famed heroine of fiction and reality has just had her imaginary "Confessions" written for her by an adventurous young Parisian, Eugène de Mirecourt, to which the well-known Mery prefixes a "glance at the age of Louis XIII."

Eugène Sue sends a third and final volume of "Fernand Duplessis, the Memoirs of a Husband," such a husband as we hope none of our fair readers may ever have. He promises, moreover, the last tale of his series; "The Seven Capital Sins," which is to illustrate "Gluttony" (*La Gourmandise*.) Louis Blanc has published a third volume of his *History of the French Revolution*, and M. Philarette Chasles has added an eleventh to his multifarious miscellanies. The new volume is a medley of disquisitions on Mary Queen of Scots, on Shakespeare and his Time, and on that antique literary backguard, the famous and infamous Aretine!

France.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

PARIS, February 25.

THE election of Alfred de Musset to the French Academy is remarkable after that of M. Montalembert. This eminent body seems determined not to let the institution depart wholly from its original design. Though political reputation and influence in general decide these elections, yet it will be seen that literary men are sometimes allowed to step in. Generally speaking, fashionable mediocrities, or statesmen of mark, always take the step in preference even to the ablest men of note belonging to the class for which it was instituted. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset, are now three poets certainly of lofty reputation, while Voltaire, Montesquieu, and one or two other names, relieve the dull monotony of three hundred and ninety-nine titled nobodies and mediocrities of the class who have great temporary reputations, which, however, do not survive their own age.

When Alfred de Musset is received, we shall have an opportunity of speaking more fully of his merits.

A new candidate for academical honours has appeared in the person of Emile Augier, a well-known dramatic writer, who has now raised himself to the rank of a five-act play-wright. *Diane* was produced last week before one of the most brilliant audiences which has been seen at the *Theatre Français* for many a day, while Rachel was the exponent of the heroine, with eight other leading actors and actresses. Literature, art, diplomacy, beauty, legislature, all were represented, and around the able director, Arsène Houssaye, sat Ponsard, Sandeau, Alexandre Dumas, Mery, Gerard de Nerval, Maquet, &c. The play was completely successful. A word or two on the plot, and then we may give our opinion of the merits of the poetry.

Diane de Mirande is a beautiful young Calvinist, an orphan, in charge of her brother Paul. Scene—Christmas-day. The young girl is talking with an old Huguenot soldier, her old servant. The hour is late, and Paul has not returned, but then it is the night for midnight mass, and Diane thinks it quite probable he has gone there. Parnajon is indignant, but Diane replies:—

Eh bien! cela te scandalise.
Tu n'as rien pardonné, toi rien mis en oubli!
Et pourtant le travail du temps s'est accompli.
Dix ans de paix, depuis nos dernières révoltes;
A nos champs dévastés ont rendu lenas récoltes;
Le sol fécond a bu le sang des deux partis
Et recouvert les morts d'une forêt d'épis.
L'homme doit oublier ce que la terre oublie,
Mon pauvre Parnajon! tout se réconcilie.

It is useless to reason with an old soldier, not but that Diane herself is somewhat stoical in character, for, dying, her father left her Paul, saying:—

Ma fille, enseigne-lui d'abord qu'un gentilhomme,
Plus il est pauvre et plus il doit tôt se faire homme,
Plus pour partir son nom il lui faut de vertus;
Car si noblesse oblige, indigence encre plus.
Il n'a bientôt d'appui que ta jeune innocence;
Mais si tu fais son coeur égal à sa naissance,
Contre tous les périls dont le monde est semé
Tu l'as défendu, car tu l'as armé.
Mon père alois se tut; mais sa parole austère
Était tombée en moi comme un grain dans la terre.
Il me fit dans ses mains baiser le crucifix,
Et quand je relevai le front, j'avais un fils.

But what is this rumour? A veiled woman rushes in, followed by four young lords, who have been drinking. The young Diane seeks to check them, Parnajon

draws his sword, but the perturbators yield before the force of beauty. One of them, named De Pienne, exclaims:—

Votre belle action, nous gagnant tous les quatre
Vous fait sans ennemis que je puisse combattre
Et je ne puis ici montrer un peu de cœur
Qu'en mettant bas l'orgueil au pied de mon vainqueur;
Mais s'il vous faut jamais le bras d'un gentilhomme,
Souvenez-vous que c'est de Pienne qu'on me nomme.

They then retire. Marguerite Grandin is daughter of a farmer of the gabelle, who apes the severity of an old Roman father. He wants Marguerite to marry M. de Cruas. She will not, and escapes on Christmas night to take shelter with the Duchess de Rohan, her *marraïne*. She meets the four young men, who do not know her, and rather than be taken home she risks their insults, and takes refuge in the house of Diane. Paul returns, owning that he has been feasting with some scholars. He sees Marguerite and the children love each other. She goes to the house of Madame de Rohan, and tells her story. She hearkens to but one part, that relative to the speech of De Pienne, who is her lover. Enter M. Grandin, who claims his daughter. After some further discourse, enter Messieurs de Fargis, de Boisy, and de Pienne. They talk of a plot, in which M. Grandin is mixed up. The death of Cardinal Richelieu is decided on. M. de Pienne says:—

Le cardinal s'est mis hors de l'humanité.
Qui montra, sinon lui, le grand chemin des crimes?
Avez-vous oubliés les noms de ses victimes?
Boutteville, Chalais, le grand Montmorency,
Tout d'autres! Marillac, qui demandait merci,
D'Ornano, lâchement empoisonné; je nomme
Les plus fameux de ceux qu'a fait mourir cet homme.

Où s'arrêtera-t-il, si nous ne l'arrêtons?
Il attaquera l'arbre après les rejetons
Il a su profiter de toutes nos défaites
Pour raser nos châteaux à défauts de nos têtes.

Ne vous y trompez pas, son plan est très profond,
Il vent raser l'honneur notre dernier donjon.

But the duchess takes interest only in the coming of Diana of whom she is jealous. She comes with her brother who insults de Cruas, whom he kills in a duel. He is forced to hide in Pierre's house, where he passes a time dull enough, but enlivened by hope of the love of Marguerite. The conspirators meet again, and the assassination is decided on for the same day. They go away, and De Pierre takes up a pen:—

Pourtant n'oublions pas qu'a tout événement
La veille d'un combat est jour de testament:
Car des droits d'un mourant le plus digne d'en vie
Est de faire un heureux des bribes de sa vie
Hélas! ce testament qu'on ouvrira dans peu
Sera le dernier gage et le premier aveu
D'un amour né d'hier, et que demain condamne
Au silence éternel, ô ma noble Diane!

A veiled woman comes. It is Diana come to see her brother, but not so thinks the duchess, who considers the visit intended for De Pierre. Enter Lafamas, the agent of Richelieu. He is sure that Paul is alone with Diana. A panel opens, and the duchess appears. She accuses Diana of being the mistress of De Pierre. "It is true," says Diana; but Paul will not accept the sacrifice. He is taken out, and De Pierre reveals the plot to her he loves. He then takes her to the king's private cabinet to obtain the putting off the execution of Paul until next day, when Richelieu will be dead. The king and Richelieu come in, and she overhears a conversation in which Louis XIII. tries to shake off the cardinal's yoke, but in vain. When the king retires Diana comes forward and warns the minister of the plot against him, without mentioning names. The minister wants the names, Diana will not betray them. Paul is brought; he will not speak, he prefers death; the cardinal smiles and pardons both, but he offers half his fortune and the life of the man Diana loves to Lafamas if he discovers him. De Pierre is suspected, but Diana, who guesses the intentions of the cardinal, refuses him, because, she says she loves another.

Such is the plot of *Diane*, which is, after all, but a melo-drama in pretty verse, elegant, well turned, but nothing more. Ideas are not the failing of Emile Augier, while, though Paul and Marguerite are sweet conceptions, *Diane* is not consistent; she is too gentle at the beginning, too heroic at the end. Richelieu is well conceived, but Louis XIII. is neither historical nor natural. We cannot conceive that M. Emile Augier will stand much chance of sitting beside Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and De Musset, if he does not improve on *Diane*.

The publication of Louis Blanc's third volume of the *Histoire de la Révolution* is a very valuable addition to our knowledge of that period. He has found some useful documents in the British Museum. The new press laws are the most restrictive that have ever been attempted in any country, and cannot last. They overdo the matter, and overreach the object intended to be carried out. The last of the *Sept Peches Capitaux* will commence on Tuesday the 2nd of March, in the *Siecle*. *Olympe de Cleves*, by Alexandre Dumas is finished. It ends by the death of both heroine and hero.

Meditations et études Morales. Par M. Guizot.
Paris: Didier. 1852.

PHILOSOPHY has not in all ages, and on all occasions, played the part which properly appertains to it. Its mission is to deify truth: to console,

elevate, and ennoble man: to make him cognizant of his duty in this world, and his expectations for the other. It should make man wiser, better, more spiritual, it too often makes him selfish, incredulous, material. M. GUIZOT, who so long deserted the paths of literature and philosophy for the stormy political world, is once more before us as a philosopher. His writings are being collected and published in a uniform shape under his own supervision, and the first of these volumes is that at present under consideration. M. Guizot, in giving to us these collected fragments, does goodly service. France is devoured by materialism. Egotism, profound, glaring, repulsive, is all but the universal characteristic of the educated part of the nation in the present day. It may be seen in politics, in literature—everywhere, indeed, where it should not be; and, as a natural consequence, incredulity, bitter, sarcastic, trifling, laughing follows. A Frenchman believes in nothing—not even in himself. He has a bad opinion of human nature. BALZAC is his prophet, and his saturnine, gloomy, and hideous pictures of man, repulsive despite their rare power, are his gospel. As to a soul, he knows nothing about it. Where is it, what is the good of it? He can get nothing out of it; it is neither eatable, drinkable, wearable, nor saleable, and therefore it does not exist for him.

It is this grossly material view of things which M. GUIZOT, in his meditations, seeks to combat. Men, when hard pushed, generally allow that they have a soul, but they live as if they had not, especially Frenchmen. M. Guizot seeks, in the present volume, to demonstrate the immortality of the soul, and the necessity of living as if there were a future, another world.

We pass over his preface, which is a defence of himself for being a Protestant, eloquent and powerful, to reach the book itself. We are not about to analyse it. We prefer giving specimens of M. Guizot's arguments in his own words:

PRESENT STATE OF THE MIND OF FRANCE.

We are but beginning our advance towards the future. We have hitherto struggled, we are still struggling, to make, from the inheritance of the last century, a selection and our choice. An inheritance so overloaded, so mixed, that it has plunged us into extreme confusion. Good and evil, the true and the false, directly opposed, co-exist in us; we bear within us the most contradictory ideas and sentiments. We float, we totter under their diverse and repelling empire. We now try to reject absolutely the one and the other, now to forget both, and to live from day to day, without thought, without design. Vain efforts: the problem weighs upon the soul, agitates it, or wears it, casts it into error or ineffect. It will be eluded neither by inertness nor error. It must be resolved both in the moral and in the political order of things for the individual or for the state. For this is not a purely political question, nor one which can be resolved completely and thoroughly, by charters, laws, and cabinets. It is an affair which concerns every one of us, and concerning which we should take the initiative ourselves, and on our own account. We must preserve, out of the impulsion which the eighteenth century gave to the world and to the mind, that which agrees with eternal order too often rejected both as regard the mind and the world. The truths and new laws which we derive from that epoch, and also the truths and immutable laws which it forgot, must live and reign together in our thoughts, that we may know without uncertainty, and practise without trouble what they require of us. On this condition only shall we see an end put to that mixture of agitation and hopelessness, that doubt of sensible as of ill-regulated mind, that sterility of motion as of wisdom, which is the crying evil of our age. Government and people are inclined to accuse each other reciprocally of this evil, and to cast back upon each other the task of curing it.

THE PEOPLE.

It is the spirit of our time to deplore with great remorse the condition of the many—of the people, as they call them. What it suffers, what it wants, is blazoned forth. We are told its life: so crushed and so monotonous, so rude and so precarious, so much fatigue for such little effect, so much pain and ennui, such severe labour, a repose so empty, a future so uncertain. This is all truth. The condition of the greater number here below is neither easy, nor smiling, nor sure. It is impossible to contemplate, without profound compassion, so many human creatures bearing from the cradle to the tomb so heavy a burden; and, even while bearing it without cessation, scarcely sufficing for their wants, for the wants of their children, of their father, of their mother; seeking incessantly for what our heart holds dearest, that which is most pressing in our life, and not always finding it; and when even we have it to day, not

sure of it to-morrow; and in this continual pre-occupation after material existence, scarcely finding time to think of the moral being.

He then shows, that if the poor are to be pitied so are the rich:

THE WORLD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We are all to be pitied. We merit it more than ever to-day. Never, it is true, was the human condition more equal and better; but the desires of man have advanced far more rapidly than his progression. Never was ambition more impatient and more wide-spread. Never were so many a prey to the thirst of all good and all pleasures. Proud pleasures and gross pleasures, the thirst of material well-being, and of intellectual verity—tastes for activity and ease, for adventures and idleness; all appears possible, and exorable, and accessible to all. It is not that passion is strong, nor that man is disposed to take much trouble to satisfy his desires. He wills feebly, but he desires immensely. And the immensity of his desires throws him into a state of uneasiness, in the midst of which, all that he has already gained, is for him as a drop of water, forgotten as soon as it is drunk, and which irritates instead of quenching thirst. The world never saw such a conflict of inclinations, of fancies, of pretensions, of exigencies; never did it hear such a rumour of voices, rising altogether to act, as their right, for that which they want, and that which pleases them. And it is not towards God that they raise their voices. Ambition has, at the same time, spread and lowered itself. When the preceptors of the people were religious preceptors, they applied themselves to detach his thoughts from earth, to carry on high his desires and his hopes, to sustain and calm them here below. They knew that here below, do what you will, there is no way of satisfying them. The popular doctors of the day think otherwise, and speak to the people another language. In presence of this difficult condition and this ardent ambition of man, at the moment when we spread before his eyes all his miseries, and when in his heart foment all his desires, they tell him that this earth can satisfy him, and that if he does not live happy according to his wish, it is neither the nature of things, nor his own nature, but the vices of society and the usurpations of a few men, which are in fault. All are sent into this world to be happy; all have a right to the same happiness: the world has happiness enough for all.

It will be seen that M. GUIZOT is the very antipodes, the extreme opposite of all the philosophers of the new school; that what he writes is directed against political economists, Socialists, and reformers of all kinds. Indeed, M. Guizot's whole theory is, that we must not expect too much happiness in this world, the next making up to us for all short comings. That man should elevate his soul to God, and look upwards for his great consolation and hope, is self-evident. But this should not make us optimists. There are suffering millions whom we should try to make happier and better, and not, because we trust in the mercy of God, grow weak and faltering. It is our duty to make as many of our fellow-creatures happy as possible, and not to depend wholly on an all-wise Providence.

RESPECT FOR THE DEAD.

A fact strikes me at once as the first and fundamental element of the feeling of respect for the dead, and as the first cause which provokes it: it is, at the sight of death, a sudden and profound sentiment of the greatness of the event; doubtless it is the gravity. The solemnity of death is the idea which suddenly preoccupies all men at sight of a dead body, a funeral, a tomb; it is this which inspires that involuntary thoughtfulness, first symptom of respect. All shudder because this man is dead. Why shudder? Is it only because it is the end of life that death appears so great, so solemn? Is it only for those who still live, and because it will reach all, that men shudder at its aspect? No. Man sees in death something more than the end of life, and he troubles himself for others besides the living. It is, in the instinct of his thought, the entrance upon an unknown future, a door which opens upon impenetrable, upon immense darkness; for those who are dead, it is the solution of a decisive problem, the revelation of a mystery to which their whole destiny is attached. It is much graver because of what begins, than because of what ends; and for the man struck than for those still pursued. Listen to those who see in death only the end of life; to infidels, epicurean fools, to Lucretius, to Horace, and so many others; they may detest it or fear it; it has lost for them all its solemnity. Mankind for whom it is solemn, foresee them for other results; and in the shuddering which seizes us at its aspect, there is, on the one hand, consciousness of the greatness of the event for the future and for all men; on the other, respect for he who has fallen into the fearful mystery, who has passed through the arena of so great an event.

GUIZOT thus terminates his second meditation on the immortality of the soul:

Such is the true character of the primitive and spontaneous belief of man: they have no answer for the doubts, no solution for the problems, which science puts to them; they are, they inspire, they affirm, but they can do, and they pretend to do nothing more. Thus, in respect for the dead, is evidently combined belief, first, in the immortality of the human being; second, in the individuality of the immortal being; third, in the continued existence of a certain bond, of a certain society, between those who leave the present world, and those who remain in it. An instinctive faith, basis of an universal and invincible sentiment, a sentiment which would not be if faith were not, attests on the depths of the soul these three facts, nothing more, nothing less. Ask it not to explain, to systemise them; beyond the simple affirmation of the simple fact, it has nothing to say to you. Sublime and modest at the same time, it reveals the future, and yet seeks not to reveal it.

In addition to the subjects already alluded to, we have in the volume, an Essay on Faith, with several on Education, concluding with a most interesting sketch of the ideas of RABELAIS, MONTAIGNE, and TASSO, on this interesting subject.

The forthcoming volumes of M. GUIZOT will be, "Cornille et son temps," "Shakspeare et son temps," "Caractères et Portraits," "Fragments et Memoires Personnels," in two volumes; and "Discours Parlementaires," in four.

Holland.

Holland-Almanak voor 1852. I. VAN LENNEP. Amsterdam, 1852. 122.

This is the fourth appearance of a literary annual, which shows us that Dutchmen can make pretty books as well as build strong dykes and pump one sea into another. The "getting-up"—paper, typography, engravings, binding and all—would do no discredit to the "Row." The contents resemble pretty much, in quantity and quality, the comfits and condiments, in verse and prose, which were annually served out to us in our own *Souvenirs* and *Forget-me-Nots*. We have some sweet and simple poetry, and several pleasing tales. We shall not attempt to spin any samples of the former into English verse, and the tales will not bear extracting. The following veritable legend respecting the cruel DUKE of ALVA, the "bloody Clavers" of the Netherlands, is short, and may be new to most of our readers. Tradition states that ALVA never laughed but once in his life, and here we are told

HOW ALVA CAME TO LAUGH.

When Alva was in the Netherlands he had a provost in his train, who was his confidant, and who, without compunction or hesitation, followed out the murderous commands which his master, alas! too often gave him. Such master, such man. A certain Bolea, a captain in the Spanish troops, was on very good terms with this provost. The duke, with his troops, lay before Hulst, and the provost, to get rid of the ennui of a protracted siege, resolved to have a joke at his friend's expense. Late one evening he entered the tent of Bolea, not alone, as was his wont, but accompanied by a confessor and a hangman. Bolea was astonished at this strange visit, but ere he could put a question to his friend, the latter stepped forwards, and with a cool and unruffled countenance gave him to know that his last hour was arrived, and that at the duke's command he must be strangled. Much surprised at this astounding intelligence, the captain inquired of what crime he had been guilty that Alva should so disgrace him, and declared that he was not conscious of anything deserving such a fate. "I can give you no reply to all this," said the provost, shrugging his shoulders; "I only know that I am charged with carrying out the sentence. You know the duke, and you know that he gives no reason for what he does. Take the only counsel that I can give you as a friend, and prepare yourself for instant death." Bolea, too well aware that in the case of a sentence of death the provost was as inexorable as the duke himself, asked no questions: he knelt before the priest, confessed his sins, and awaited only the executioner, who approached him in order to cast the rope about his neck. But, at the instant when the poor captain expected nothing but death, the provost rushed forwards, snatched the rope from the hands of the hangman, burst out into laughter, and said that it was nothing but an innocent piece of pleasantry, which had no other object but to see how his friend would sustain the fear of death. Innocent or not, the joke was not to Bolea's taste. "Away with you," he cried, trembling with anguish the while, "away with you instantly from my

tent! and take care never to enter it again. Such jesting is not to my mind, and I think it unmerited.' Here the matter ended for the time, but the consequence of the fright to Bolea was that his hair became suddenly grey, though he was not then more than thirty. It was with reason that every one was astonished when, on the following day, he stood thus transfigured before the duke, who inquired of him the reason. Our youthful grey-head did not find it convenient to explain himself at present, and answered with courteous plausibilities. Meanwhile he did not forget the matter, and promised himself revenge by and bye.

In 1573 when Alva returned to Spain, Bolea and the provost were there also. It happened that on their way they stopped at Saragossa where they tarried some days, and it was here that Bolea found time and opportunity to get rid of the burthen of soul he had so long borne. To this end he directed the attention of the duke to the mad-house of the city, the like of which was not to be seen elsewhere, and excited the curiosity of Alva to pay it a visit. The duke sent instant intimation by Bolea to the keeper of the institution, to expect him with his train to go over it on the afternoon of the following day. Bolea delivered the message faithfully, but added, that the main object the duke had in coming was, to try whether his provost, who had lately shown symptoms of insanity, and to remove which all means had been taken in vain, could not be cured by a few days' residence there. The keeper rejoiced to have it in his power to oblige the duke, and expecting a handsome reward if he could effect a cure, promised his best endeavours. The following day at the hour specified, Alva entered the mad-house with a numerous suite, and while examining the building and conversing with the physician, Bolea gave the keeper a wink and pointed out the provost. The keeper joined himself to the latter, and making some pretext invited him to follow him quietly. Leading him through a dark doorway, where several stout fellows had been stationed, these instantly seized him, cast a cloth over his mouth, bound him in his cloak, and depriving him of his sword and feather hat, made him descend some steps and thrust him into a dungeon.

Men in these days were not much astonished at this mode of treating the insane,—they had no notion of attempting a cure by gentle means, but used constraint, force, chains, and scourgings. No wonder then, if our provost during the three days of his incarceration had not his full share of these tender mercies. Meanwhile the duke ignorant of the issue of his visit to the mad-house and of the fate of his trusty servant, was much astonished at not seeing him in the evening, and made fruitless inquiries in every direction after him. It happily fell out three days afterwards, that a nobleman, on visiting the madhouse, hearing a groan from the cell in which the provost was confined, cast a look in that direction. With difficulty the prisoner crawled towards the nobleman, who was not unknown to him, and conjured him, by all the saints, to acquaint the duke of his miserable condition. The message was faithfully delivered. Alva instantly ordered the keeper, with his prisoner, to be brought before him. Nor long was it ere the provost entered, clad in wild attire, with straw and feathers hanging about his eyes. This singular and unexpected spectacle so struck the duke that he burst out in a fit of laughter, and could with difficulty bring out the question, why a servant of his had been imprisoned contrary to all law? The keeper pointed to Bolea, who now stepped forward. "My lord duke," said he, "you once asked me how these hairs of mine had suddenly become grey. I have never yet told any one the reason; but now I shall explain all." He then related the jest that had been played upon him before Hulst, and thus continued: "I have since that time been meditating how best to revenge myself upon the provost, and to pay him back in his own coin: I could arrive at no better conclusion than to make him, who has made me old before my time, suffer a few days as a madman. I have succeeded, and my revenge is satisfied." Alva was much interested in the whole affair, and begged both parties to be the same good friends henceforth as they had been formerly.

Italy.

[Vita di Niccolò Paganini da Genova scritta da Giancarlo Conestabile.] *Life of N. Paganini.* Perugia, 1851. 8vo.

"ONLY a fiddler!"—but, then, such a fiddler. We remember the Paganini-fever as many, some twenty years hence, will remember the Lind-fever and similar epidemics. We remember, in a provincial town, seeing, on a temporary stage a tall, lank, wizard-looking being, with long dark hair falling over his shoulders, and an eye and face expressing together the genius and the sensualist, eliciting thunders of applause from a numerous audience

for his marvellous performances on the violin, which in his thin, transparent, skeleton-like left hand, became at will a one-stringed or a twenty-stringed instrument rising from its full natural tones to the softness and sweetness of the flageolet, or imitating the tinkling of the harp. We remember hearing of amateurs on the violin, who, after listening to his wild, beautiful, passionate and sometimes unearthly feats on the single distended cat-gut, went home some to smash, some to impignorate their Cremonas in utter despair of ever approaching within a thousand leagues of his excellence.

This strange mixture of dross and gold was born at Genoa, the 18th February, 1784. His father, ANTONIO, and his mother, TERESA, were both dilettanti in music, and were not long in discerning in their youthful son a strong taste for the art they cultivated. To encourage this taste his mother had, or pretended to have, an angelic vision, and in the morning thus spake to him: "My son, thou shalt become a great musician; for an angel, radiant with beauty, appeared to me this night, and has listened to the prayer I made him. I prayed him that thou mayest become the first of violinists, and the angel has promised it shall be so." From this time the study of the violin became his sole object, and it was not many years before he surprised and delighted the most eminent masters of that instrument with his compositions and performances. It was at the end of one of his concerts in Paris when some one asked ROSSINI what he thought of PAGANINI, that the great composer replied, letting us into the secret of

A MUSICIAN'S TEARS.

I have wept only three times in my life; the first time, when my first opera fell to the ground on the first representation; the second, when being out in a boat with some friends, a truffled turkey we were to have eaten fell into the water; and the third, when I heard Paganini for the first time.

It was at Lucca where he first astonished the world by performing on one string. Here is his own account:

HOW PAGANINI BEGAN TO PLAY ON ONE STRING.

At Lucca I directed the orchestra every time the reigning family attended the opera. Often, also, I was invited to the court circle, and fortnightly gave a grand concert. The Princess Eliza always retired before the close, for, the harmonious sounds of my instrument agitated her nerves too keenly. A very amiable lady, whom for a long time I had adored *in petto*, showed herself on the contrary, very assiduous at these *rèunions*, and I came to discover that she had a secret inclination for me. Gradually our mutual liking grew. * * * One day I promised to surprise her at the first concert, with a musical gallantry, which should have allusion to our mutual love and friendship. At the same time I announced to the court a novelty under the title of *scena amorosa*. The general curiosity was keenly excited, but what was the astonishment of the company on seeing me enter with a violin having two strings only—the bass and the treble! The former expressed the feelings of a young man who addressed his mistress in the most impassioned language. A tender and sentimental dialogue was thus established, followed soon after by transports of jealousy. * * * The two lovers were finally reconciled, more enamoured of each other than ever, and executed a *passo a due*, which terminated in a brilliant *finale*. This *scena* was successful, not to speak of the glances which the lady of my thoughts let fall upon me. The Princess Eliza, after loading me with compliments, said with much graciousness,—“You have done the impossible on two strings, will not one suffice for your talent?” I promised to make the experiment. The idea haunted my imagination, and some weeks after I had composed a *sonata* for the fourth string entitled *Napoleon*, which I executed before a numerous and brilliant court. The success far exceeded my expectations, and hence my predilection for the *sol* string from that day.

“This,” says one of his biographers, “is a more reasonable liking for the fourth or *sol* string of the violin, than that he was confined in prison on an accusation of murder, where he was only allowed the use of a violin with one string.” He further supposes that the rumour may have arisen from the following circumstance:—A violinist, formerly, a pupil of VIOTTI, who had changed his name, DURAND, into DURANOWSKI, lived in Milan at the same time as PAGANINI. Led away by bandits, the unfortunate artist broke with them, during the night, into a remote farm-house. He was condemned to a long imprisonment, and his violin was brought to him in his cell as a special favour. What became of this artist was never properly known. All such may have been the case, but at

the same time it is known, and admitted by his biographers, that, when emancipated from paternal control, he led a most discreditable life, gambled, formed improper *liaisons*, and was the associate of not a few distinguished black-legs. From 1808 to 1813, he was almost entirely lost sight of, and respecting this period of his life he would never afford any satisfactory explanation. On the other hand, it is possible that envy may have greatly exaggerated his faults, and calumny gathers bulk as it rolls along. At Vienna he was accused of having poisoned his wife; and when it was proved that he had never been married, then it was, that he had poisoned his mistress. These rumours impelled him to make a declaration in one of the musical journals, which thus finishes: “I protest as much in the interest of my reputation and honour as of truth, that never at any time or place, or under any government whatsoever, have I been constrained by any motive, to lead other life than what beseeemed a free man, an honourable citizen, and a strict observer of the laws.” We have no wish to uncover the errors of genius, nor to gloze over those which genius, sometimes, casts too obtrusively before the public eye.

To follow PAGANINI throughout his musical career, or to note circumstantially his pilgrimages and vagaries, is not our intention. Out of his own country he first appeared in Vienna in 1828, at the invitation of Prince METTERNICH. His success was great, the public were enraptured, and the mechanism of his execution, the most eminent musicians of that capital were unable to solve. Among others, MESEYDER asked him—“How do you produce these marvellous effects, which have something in them supernatural?” Smiling, he gave the characteristic reply, “Every one has his secrets, my dear Sir.” At Prague he was coldly received; in Brussels he was laughed at. Berlin made atonement for the Bohemian capital in the enthusiastic reception she gave him. “Here,” he exclaimed, “I have found my Viennese public again!” From Berlin he went to Warsaw, from Warsaw to Holland, from Holland to Paris, and reached England in 1831. The visit of the *maestro* to this country must still be remembered by thousands, who rushed to his concerts, content to pay the most exorbitant prices and to endure any amount of pressure in the crowd short of collapse. Brighton was in a state of riot almost, because he charged four shillings to the gallery, but the notes of his fiddle soon dispelled every sign of bad temper, and his progress through the three kingdoms was a series of triumphs. People heard of his avarice and of tales little to his advantage, but they cared only to hear him draw his bow across the string of his violin, surrender their shillings ungrudgingly, and lost all memory of scandal, for the time they were under his influence at least.

In 1837, PAGANINI gave the proceeds of two concerts in Turin, amounting to 30,000 francs, to the poor. Paternal love, in this instance, triumphed over his cupidity. He hoped, by this instance of generosity, to obtain, through the King of Sardinia, the legitimisation of a natural son he had by a noble lady, but did not succeed in his object.

For several years prior to his death, which ensued on the 27th May, 1840, at Nice, from disease of the larynx, PAGANINI did not appear much in public. His immense fortune he left in legacies to his two sisters, in an annuity of about 50*l.* to his mother, in an annuity of similar amount to the mother of his son ACHILLINO (a Venetian Jewess, who had long been his *friend* and companion in travel, and from whom he had separated, fearing her violent temper, and the destruction of his Cremonas), and the rest of his fortune, amounting to above four millions of francs, he left to his natural son.

Our author has industriously collected all he could find relating to his subject, but he has not greatly added, after all, to the materials we find in former biographers of PAGANINI. He has collected all the complimentary verses addressed to him, and mentions the various presents made him, and compliments paid him on various occasions. CONESTABLE farther enters largely into the state of musical art in Italy and other countries, about the advent of PAGANINI, and gives a good deal of musical gossip respecting eminent composers and instrumental performers, which will make his book, with all his pomposity and partialities, interesting to those who can master its technology, and who may desire to trace the history and influences of a particular species of music through a limited interval.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

NOTES BY CELSUS.

I. NEW BOOKS.

SKETCHES OF BRAZIL. By ROBERT DUNDAS, M.D. for Twenty-three years Medical Superintendent of the British Hospital, Bahia. Pp. 449. London: Churchill. 1852.

Dr. Dundas is a spirited writer; and as a physician he evidently stands high as an original thinker and accurate observer.

His important views regarding the TREATMENT OF CONTINUED FEVER by large doses of quinine have already been noticed in THE CRITIC; but in the volume now before me, they are more fully explained and illustrated than in the author's previous essays in the London Journal of Medicine and Medical Times. It also appears, from various documents contained in the present work, that the plan of Dr. Dundas—the *cinchonism* of fever patients, has not only attracted much attention from leading members of the medical profession, but has likewise been successfully applied in various hospitals. There is, therefore, good reason to hope that a principle has been discovered which, if faithfully and judiciously carried out in practice, may be destined to cause a vast diminution of human suffering, and considerable saving of money to the public, by greatly diminishing the duration of residence of patients in Fever Hospitals and Union Infirmarys, as well as by lessening the mortality of the poor sent to these institutions. The conclusion arrived at by Dr. Dundas is, possibly, expressed by him in too sanguine language: but till more time has elapsed for a trial of the plan, it would be unfair to cavil at the enthusiasm manifested in the following brief summary; inasmuch as the author's views are supported not only by results obtained in his own practice, but by the experience of other competent and trustworthy reporters. "In conclusion," says Dr. Dundas, "I feel bound to declare my conviction—a conviction founded on long, and large, and careful observation—that *cinchonism* will be found to control generally the continued fever of this country, in all its forms, and in all its stages, and in all its complications." The nature of the treatment proposed by Dr. Dundas may be gathered from the following short extract: but the reader must remember that the passage is a mere fragment of the author's exposition.

Acting on my conviction of the essential identity of the remittent and intermittent fevers of the tropics, with the typhus fever of Europe, and aware of the specific action of quinine in every stage of the former diseases, I have resorted to its administration in the ordinary typhus of this country, in all its stages; and commonly with the happiest results. In these researches I have been greatly aided by my relative, Dr. Leslie, now of Rio, and formerly my house-surgeon at the Bahia Hospital, and who has himself extensively employed the treatment here laid down. In typhus, as in the remittent of hot climates, the treatment by quinine will be successful in proportion to its early administration. The doses, also, as in the tropical fevers, should be large—ten or twelve grains—and repeated at intervals, not exceeding two hours. Three or four doses will, in most cases, be sufficient to produce its specific influence on the nervous system, which is commonly displayed by dizziness of the head, tinnitus aurium, or deafness, or in the rapid subsidence of all the urgent symptoms. In the latter event, three or four grains of the quinine should be administered three times a day, and the patient supported by good beef tea or other light nutriment, and wine if necessary: (pp. 295, 296.)

PREMATURE DECAY INCIDENT TO EUROPEANS ON THEIR RETURN FROM HOT CLIMATES is ably discussed by Dr. Dundas. He points out the relationship which exists between this "decay" and the gouty diathesis, and explains why gout is rare in Brazil and common in persons coming to this country after enjoying a long immunity from it in that climate. An abundant discharge of excrementitious matters by the skin preserves the *bon vivant* of the tropics from gouty and other attacks which punish those who similarly indulge under less genial skies. This fact is evidently a complete key to the leading principle upon which the treatment of gout can alone be rationally and successfully conducted—viz., the eliminating in

various ways, and by different channels, effete matters from the blood, which matters, by remaining there, must of necessity cause blood-poisoning, resulting in gout, or some other of the family of diseases which originate in toxæmia. Colchicum, the Vichy waters, &c., act as eliminators of poison from the blood, and by the skilful use of them, or analogous remedies, combined with baths, and a regulated diet, most cases of gout can be cured, and subsequent attacks averted. These remarks have been suggested by the following passage:

The general freedom from gout enjoyed in hot climates is a well-established fact, and is accounted for by physicians, by assuming for the inhabitants of these countries the exercise of more temperate habits, and the use of a less highly azotised food, than are usual among the natives of colder latitudes. Now, this hypothesis is clearly inapplicable to Brazil, and has, perhaps, been too lightly adopted in reference to the upper ranks of society in other hot climates—certainly as regards the inhabitants of those countries where, as in South America, the higher classes are more immediately of European descent. We must consequently seek some other solution. It will be readily conceded, that a diet, conjoined with social and moral habits similar to those prevalent in Brazil, would lead generally in Europe to the development of some form or another of regular or irregular gout. And admitting the received theory, which I believe to be essentially correct, that an excess of certain principles in the circulating and secreted fluids of the body constitute the chief predisposing, as well as the immediate or exciting cause of the disease, I think we may perceive rational grounds for this comparative immunity of the tropical resident from gout. In examining this subject, we must take into consideration the abundant and unceasing elimination of the principles alluded to by the capillary vessels in all tropical climates. We must remember, also, that the cutaneous system performs infinitely more important functions in the higher than in the lower latitudes, removing through the perspiratory secretion considerable quantities of animal matter, and especially very sensible amounts of the lactic and uric acids. Tophaceous deposits I have scarcely ever met with. It will thus be sufficiently apparent, that the economy, under such circumstances, will be more efficiently relieved from these effete or deleterious principles, which, carried into and retained in the general circulation, would constitute a real *materies morbi*; and which, by first impairing the organic nervous power, would induce disorder, or rather increase that already established, in the secreting, excreting, and digestive systems. From the disturbance of the functions of these systems, plethora and increased vascular irritability would commonly result, and would give rise sooner or later, according to idiosyncrasy, constitution, and predisposition, to all the varied manifestations of atonic or anomalous gout. I am satisfied that to the operation of the above-mentioned agencies, and not to the influence of more abstemious habits, or to the habitual use of a less azotised diet, do the inhabitants of inter-tropical climates owe their general exemption from gout. This view of the case is, moreover, strongly corroborated by the instructive and too often painful history of that numerous class of individuals of both sexes who return yearly to this country after lengthened residence in our tropical and colonial dependencies. These individuals, in many instances, "break up," as it is popularly termed, after a brief sojourn in their native land: (pp. 45-48.)

THE STATE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN BRAZIL presents numerous striking peculiarities. The absurd system of prescribing for the poor at the rate of a patient per minute, as is done in the "out-patient" department of many of our British hospitals by unpaid "honorary" physicians does not exist. "Honorary medical appointments," Dr. Dundas says, "are utterly unknown in Brazil." The profusion of gratuitous medical service is a matter which must, sooner or later, engage public attention in England. The reforms chiefly required are, paid hospital staffs, and such an amount of duty as it is physically possible for them efficiently to perform. Astounding statistics must no longer be the basis of all pulpit and newspaper appeals to the public for money. More good—more effective medical relief—is to be attained by attending carefully to a limited number of worthy cases, than by the present rapid and often mere routine prescribing for the crowds of various ranks and conditions who flock for gratis advice to the consulting-rooms of every

London hospital. The really destitute and needy ought no longer to be jostled there, by those who are able to pay for medical advice, but are mean enough to sue for it as paupers—I mean the pampered menials of west-end mansions, and the wives and children of comfortable tradespeople. Is it right for the Governors to send flocks of such applicants to St. George's and other Hospitals?

I must give one curious extract, illustrating the Brazilian system of consultations or *juntas*, as they are termed. Nothing can be more extraordinary and objectionable.

No serious case is ever treated without repeated *juntas*, the number of consultants is rarely under three or four, and frequently much more numerous. The mode of holding the consultation, too, is peculiar, and as far as I am aware, different from that pursued in any other country. After the patient has been examined by each in turn, the consultants seat themselves, commonly in a semicircle around the bed, while forming an outer circle are seated the friends and relatives of the family. Silence being obtained, each physician successively, in hearing of the patient and his friends, enters formally into the history, symptoms, diagnosis and treatment of the case; often, in fact, delivering his opinion in the form of an oration, and on more than one occasion I have heard from the surrounding auditors the *apoiado*, or Parliamentary *hear, hear*, of approbation, or the *nao, nao* of dissent from the opinions of the speaker. In the event of disagreement, the treatment is decided by a simple majority; or should the votes prove equal, an additional physician is called in, whose vote decides the question. This system, though by no means devoid of advantages, is nevertheless counterbalanced by so many and obvious inconveniences, that for the interest of the patient it ought certainly to be abolished, and would be possibly, if the question rested entirely with the profession. (pp. 385-387.)

We promise to the readers of Dr. Dundas' book sound instruction and good entertainment.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS IN GERMANY, AND OTHER PARTS OF EUROPE. By W. F. CUMMING, M. D. pp. 82. London: Churchill. 1852.

Dr. Cumming is already well known to the public and to the medical profession, as an accomplished physician and a successful author. His pleasant and racy volumes entitled *Notes of Wanderer in Search of Health*, can never be forgotten by those who have read them. In the present brochure—written in a more subdued tone, as befits the subject—there is displayed the same talent for correct observation and judicious reflection which characterised his former work. The present notes upon lunatic asylums in Germany and other parts of Europe, merit the attention of all interested in the comfort and cure of the insane; as they are suggestive of certain necessary reforms in the management of our own institutions of the same class. Dr. Cumming truly observes,—"Much undoubtedly has of late years been done in England to improve the physical accommodation of the insane; but the welfare of this afflicted class would be still further promoted by increasing the number of resident physicians, and by raising the standard of the attendants, so that these might be made intelligent and moral companions of the unfortunate beings committed to their care."

In some introductory remarks, Dr. Cumming glances at the condition of the old asylums in this and other countries. He says—

In France, previously to the Revolution of 1789, convents were the only receptacles for the insane, and in some of these it was a rule that each inmate should receive ten lashes a day! Even in England, previous to 1828, there were only twelve asylums for the fifty-two counties; and before 1808, the whole of Ireland possessed but one asylum. Gaols and workhouses were the ordinary receptacles; and the lunatic, guilty of no crime, was the associate, and, too often, the scold and the butt, of the lowest criminals. Even in the metropolitan hospital of Bethlem, much less than a century ago, a sum of about 400*l.* per annum was derived from exhibiting to the public the wretched inmates who were goaded to frenzy by the keepers for the amusement of the sight-seers. (pp. 4, 5.)

GHEEL. Dr. Cumming gives a very graphic picture of this remarkable Belgian village, which has, from time immemorial, been a refuge for the insane. The following is an interesting extract:—

On Sunday I attended high mass in the church, which was crowded with lunatics and peasants, all mingling together. One woman entered with chains round her ankles, making a clanking noise as she walked up the aisle; and Dr. Parigot, who accompanied me, informed me, that the chains were applied in her case as a drag to restrain her wandering propensities.

The commune of Gheel has a population of 10,000 souls, of whom 1,000 are lunatics. During the three days of my stay, I visited, in company with Dr. P., a great number of the cottages, in which the lunatics are boarded, both in the village and surrounding country. Indeed, there is scarcely a house that does not harbour one, two, or three patients, who, for the most part, are in full possession of liberty. A great proportion are employed in cultivating the soil, while some assist in household work; others tend the cows, dress the little gardens, or even nurse the children of their hosts. I saw several female lunatics with infants in their arms, whom they were fondly caressing.

The minimum board for each lunatic is 200 francs per annum; and it is remarkable that for so small a consideration any families should risk the disturbance of its peace by admitting an insane stranger to share its fireside. But it appears that the villagers of Gheel have a peculiar vocation for the treatment of the insane, among whom, from infancy, they have been accustomed to live. Many of the better class of houses are tidy and clean; and even those receiving the smallest rate of board are not without an air of humble comfort. Dr. P. pointed out to me several families whose female members he said had a remarkable tact in the management of the insane, and whom he had often known on the sudden manifestation of a furious paroxysm step fearlessly forward and succeed in controlling and quieting the lunatic, when the males had thought it safest to retreat. * * * There are several Estaminets in the village, whither many of the lunatics resort, to enjoy their pipe and glass of beer, and to play at billiards. Their presence nowhere excites the smallest attention. I met a man hurrying along on Sunday evening in a state of great excitement, flourishing a large cudgel above his head; but no one seemed to notice or molest him. (pp. 74-77.)

Dr. Cumming states that he has "for a long period interested himself in the subject of insanity, and has visited the asylums of many countries, both in Europe and the East." The present pamphlet therefore is probably only a foretaste of a larger work on Psychological Medicine.

ON SCROFULOUS DISEASE OF THE EXTERNAL LYMPHATIC GLANDS. BY THOMAS BALMAN, M.D. pp. 189. Longmans: London. 1852.

This is a judicious treatise, on a subject which it is not easy to handle properly; both on account of its own inherent difficulty, and from the field being so much infested by empirics, and quacks of every denomination. The author has, however, produced a work entirely free from any charlatanic taint, and one which must be regarded as a valuable contribution to scientific medicine. His object has evidently been to seek after truth, and not to strive for mere novelties wherewith to startle and surprise his readers. The work is nevertheless not a compilation, but the result of the author's study and experience.

In the chapter on *treatment*, some very good observations are made on *barium* as a remedial agent. Dr. Balman regards it as particularly useful in chlorotic, cachectic, and other cases, in which there is debility and a languid circulation. As he has generally used this medicine in combination with the muriated tincture of iron, it is not easy to determine how much of the benefit ought to have been apportioned to each metal; especially as the above specified cases are just those in which the therapeutic efficacy of *ferrum* is universally admitted. The *iodide of iron* the author justly pronounces to be "one of the best preparations" which can be used in treating scrofulous disease of the glands. He gives it either alone, or in combination with cod liver oil.

II. GLEANINGS AND CHIT-CHAT.

GENERAL BLOOD-LETTING is now-a-days much less resorted to in the treatment of disease than formerly. Even in acute inflammatory affections, tartar emetic and other measures are by many practitioners commonly preferred. The use and abuse of blood-letting is an important study for the physician; and the subject is well handled by Dr. Semple in a series of papers now in course of publication in the *London Journal of Medicine*. In fever and influenza Dr. Semple regards blood-letting as "altogether improper and injurious;" he then points out the kind of cases in which "its employment may be superseded by other therapeutical agents;" and lastly, he proposes

to indicate the circumstances in which the abstraction of blood is "absolutely and imperatively necessary."

HOMEOPATHY.—Considerable amusement has been caused in medical and general circles in Edinburgh by the publication of a petition in favour of homeopathy, recently presented to the Town Council as Patrons of the University. It was set forth as emanating from the high-born and the learned: but it turns out that among the 3,337 signatures—for which the three kingdoms have been ransacked, the *Du Majores* of quackery only number twenty-six, none of whom are, so far as I know, celebrated for wisdom. In a very clever dissection of this petition contained in the *Edinburgh Monthly Journal*, for February, we read as follows:—

Who are the petitioners? Eight peers, three members of the House of Commons, not being peers, eight generals, five admirals, a sprinkling of baronets, an Irish bishop, and 170 clergy, chiefly of the English church; a less proportion of the other educated classes of society, and a multitude of the merest labouring population, some of them so low in the scale of society that they can with difficulty write their names, or spell their designations. The peers are the Earls of Wilton, Airlie, and Erne; Viscount Newport; Barons Kinnaird, Colville, Lindsay, and Gray. The members of the House of Commons beside Lord Newport, are Lord R. Grosvenor, Allan Elliot Lockart, and C. P. Leslie.

It appears, then, that the English clergy preponderate among the educated classes who patronize homeopathy. The Scottish and English bars contribute a few names; but none of them, with one exception, belong to gentlemen known beyond their own chambers. In Edinburgh 240 subscriptions were obtained from handicraftsmen. "Pre-eminent above all tradesmen are the tailors, who alone number forty-six of this 240; and one sheet contains thirteen of them in a row, who seem to have signed as they sat on their board and to have then smoothed down the sheet with their goose." At one place a builder is followed by no less than twenty of his masons.

At a recent meeting of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, the following names were publicly struck off the list of Fellows for their homeopathic anti-professional conduct:—William Henderson, M.D., Edinburgh, Wm. Macdonald, M.D., St. Andrews, Wm. MacLeod, M.D., Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire; and R. Ransford, M.D., York.

MEDICAL REFORM.—The Provincial, Medical and Surgical Association, have published a draft of a Bill "to produce uniformity of Medical Education and Qualification, and for the Registration of those licensed to practice in Medicine." The measure is likely to be generally supported; and had Sir G. Grey remained in office, it would probably have been carried through Parliament during the present session.

CELSUS.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SUMMARY OF DISCOVERIES.

PHYSICS.

ON THE POLARIZATION OF HEAT.—Whether the forces we term Light, Heat, Electricity, and Magnetism, spring from a single cause, and are simple modifications of each other, and mutually resolvable; or whether they are intrinsically distinct and separate in their nature, and are not so convertible, is one of those questions which, from time to time, are revived and debated amongst scientific men, the balance of evidence being as yet against such identity, although, perhaps, the balance of opinion is somewhat in favour of these forces being but modifications of one grand primal and all-pervading force, such as we know Gravitation to be. This question is again being discussed in the pages of *The Philosophical Magazine*, and whatever may be the issue of this polemic, there have been some experiments published by M. Elie Wartmann, of Geneva, which lead us to believe that, amongst the numerous properties in which one of these agents or forces, Heat, resembles another of them, Light, must be ranked that of *polarization*. M. Arago and Sir David Brewster have long since proved that the light which pervades our atmosphere is *polarized* in certain directions; that is, the ray of light is split or divided, which confers upon it peculiar properties, and enables it to exhibit special phenomena. Reasoning from the numerous analogies between light and heat, M. Wartmann has endeavoured to prove, by some ingeniously devised experiments with a Melloni's thermo-electric pile, and a bundle of mica plates, or a Nicol's prism, connected with some other instruments, and so arranged as to

guard against the numerous sources of experimental error, that atmospheric heat is, like atmospheric light, susceptible of *polarization* in certain directions. The phenomena of polarized atmospheric heat are much less apparent in winter than in summer, which is partly to be attributed to want of sensibility in the apparatus, and partly to the greater difficulties attending on the experiments made at low temperatures, as well as to the small proportion of polarized rays which accompany the natural heat on the most favourable days. The serenity of the air has a strongly-marked influence on this proportion, for during dull days the polarized rays seem to be absent. It further appears, provided there be a bright and cloudless sky, and the air calm, that the polarization of atmospheric heat augments, from the vicinity of the sun, up to a given limit, whence it afterwards decreases. Finally, M. Wartmann concludes that both the heat and the light of the atmosphere, proceeding from the sun, are *similarly polarized under the same circumstances*. These experiments are additionally interesting as adding another proof to the identity existing between Solar and artificial heat, and confirming the experiments of Forbes upon the polarization of radiant heat by reflection, as well as by refraction, both this and atmospheric heat being susceptible of depolarization; so we now know that heat, like light, whether it be that of the sun, or artificially produced, possesses double refracting, and polarizing properties. This subject, the investigation of which is yet in its early infancy, recalls to mind the cognate discovery of polarized light by Huygens, and the subsequent development of this isolated and seemingly trivial observation of the double refracting property of a crystal of Iceland spar, and also reminds me of the indignant and eloquent protest of Dr. Lyon Playfair against the utilitarian inquiry, *cui bono?* when subjects of pure and abstract science are mentioned. Choosing this very subject as the ground and proof of his protest, "show this utilitarian, this *practical* man," said the lecturer, "a young officer of artillery looking through a prism at the windows of the Luxembourg palace, and noticing that in a particular position the light of these windows disappeared from his view—show him, further, the startled wonder with which the philosophers of Europe heard of this phenomenon, and the eagerness with which they threw themselves into the track of an observation so insignificant—and your utilitarian sneers at science and its followers, and buries himself again in the darkness of his empiricism. Nothing could appear more remote from practice than the study of an altered beam of light, but, as in the case of sound, where two sounds reaching the ear either exalt or destroy the effect, so, in light, two rays interfering with each other may produce darkness. Much of the light from reflected surfaces was found to possess a changed condition, or, in other words, to be *polarized*. The light coming from the surface of water being thus altered, refuses to pass through a 'Nicol's prism' in a particular direction. But who, from these observations, would have dreamt that out of them would have come useful applications?" Then, instancing the employment of the polarizing prism for the important purpose of detecting rocks and shoals at sea; to the detection of fish at considerable depths; to the discovery of the laws of tension in beams; to the uses of the sugar refiner; the measurement of distant objects; and of determining the apparent solar time by the diurnal changes of the plane of polarization at the north pole of the sky, Dr. Playfair adds, "all these are strange paths to practice, opened out by a ray accidentally caught in its passage from a window of the Luxembourg. Pass from its utilitarianism to its unfolding of Nature's laws, and follow the same straggling ray as it displays its gorgeous colours while passing through a transparent mineral substance, until it gives to man the knowledge whether the light of the sun proceeds from its solid mass, or from its gaseous canopy; or whether comets enjoy light of their own, or borrow it by reflection from other bodies." These are some of the results of the two apparently trifling observations of Huygens and of M. Malus, and prove to us that, even regarded in a utilitarian view, there are no natural phenomena incapable of yielding an abundant and precious harvest to the patient and systematic inquiries of the true cultivator of science; and that no question, earnestly and exactly addressed to nature, fails of meeting with a response of far more importance to mankind than has ever fallen from the lips of the Pithya.

CHEMISTRY.

ON THE GENERAL DIFFUSION OF IODINE.—M. Chatin, whose glory it is to have appeared in this world on the very day the simple substance, Iodine, was discovered, appears to have devoted his life with more than fraternal affection to prove the ubiquity in nature of his idolized Iodine.

Nata mecum Consule Manlio,

commenced his researches some time since, researches crowned with success; for whether he sought for Iodine in Man, beast, fish, fowl, or creeping thing; rock, river, or sea, it came "obedient to his call." This enthusiast has lately extended his discoveries, and has met with this element in the atmosphere. At Paris it is said to exist in comparative abundance, but the proportion is stated to gradually decrease as we approach the Alps *via* Burgundy and Lyons. The air on the Italian side of the mountains does not contain more Iodine than that on the French acclivities, the general result being, that

the proportion of Iodine in the air diminishes as we approach the mountains, some districts of which are entirely destitute of atmospheric iodine. This, the observer states, is also the case with many of the Alpine springs and streams. He also declares that four-fifths of the atmospheric iodine is absorbed during respiration; that the fluctuations in the proportion of atmospheric iodine are very considerable; that rain, hail, snow, and dew contain it, and in larger proportion in the interior than on the sea-board of France. These alleged discoveries, however, require confirmation before acceptance; it seems to me that the wish and thought have bred the facts, and although the widely-extended diffusion of minute portions of the various elements, either in a free or combined state, and even in cases of presumed rarity, *ex. gr.* Fluoride of Calcium, is now an ascertained fact, there are too many questionable points connected with these notions of the ingenious Frenchman to command either ready belief or unconditional acceptance; although it is probable enough, from the widely diffused existence of this substance in sea-water, and our gradually extending knowledge of its presence in various soils, minerals and substances of marine origin, as sponge and cod-liver oil, that iodine is more frequently a constituent of bodies than has been imagined.

PIGMENTS EMPLOYED IN THE XIIITH CENTURY.—MM. Dumas and Persoz have investigated the nature of the colouring materials employed in mural painting at this epoch, by the chemical examination of a painting of the Annunciation, recently discovered in the Sainte Chapelle, at Paris. At a time when internal decoration, both in fresco and oil painting, is rapidly extending, a knowledge of colouring matters and their vehicles, which have stood the test of six centuries' exposure to atmospheric influences, is deservedly a matter of interest both to the artist and his patron. It would appear that the stone wall of the chapel had been coated with a resinous fatty substance, as a preservative against damp, which, from its having penetrated the stone, was probably applied hot; over this was placed a smooth layer of an orange-red cement, consisting of 19 per cent. of some fatty substance, probably a drying oil, and 81 per cent. of red-lead; this red-coloured cement being, in all likelihood employed, not simply to produce a smooth and impermeable surface, but also to deepen the colour of the gold-leaf, which forms the ground of the greater part of the painting. The white pigment presents all the characteristics of an insoluble salt of lead, and may, therefore, be safely regarded as ceruse or white-lead. One of the blues is ultramarine, the other, being phosphate of iron, a mineral which is met with native, and exists in this country on some moors and heaths in a slightly coherent and easily pulverized mass, of a pretty pale blue tint, readily adaptable to this purpose. The brilliant red is vermilion, heightened by the underlying gold leaf; the browns and yellows are ochres, and the greens a mixture of yellow ochre and the blue phosphate of iron. The violet and rose colours are, however, the most singular of the pigments, these being evidently derived from various shells, which like those of the *Tellina fragilis*, met with on the shores of the Channel, would yield the rose-coloured pigment, whilst the violet has a similar origin from shells covered with violet-coloured spots, similar to those of the *Neritina fluviatilis*, the coloured portions of which must have been removed by mechanical means, and then ground to powder. These colours do not appear to have been ground with a drying oil as in the present day, but the surfaces painted on seem to have been covered with a vehicle of this nature, as varnish is now applied for gilding, and the colour sprinkled on it before it was quite dry, the redundancy being afterwards dusted off; some process resembling this must have been adopted, for the colours are particularly pure and bright in tone, unlike what they would have been had they been ground up with any oily or varnish-like substance. Finally, the whole was coated with a film of wax, which not only heightens the lustre of the colours employed, but has served as a protection against their degeneration by atmospheric influences. These investigations possess much interest for our painters in the present day, and appear to afford them many useful and valuable hints upon this important department of their art.

VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.

THE GREEN COLOURING SUBSTANCE OF VEGETABLES.—It has long been known that the substance which imparts a green colour to plants might be separated by treating fresh green leaves, first with ether, and the ethereal extract with various other re-agents, and that it possesses properties similar both to fat and resin, which colouring matter is termed *Chlorophyll*.

This substance appears to furnish us with another instance of the similarity of many of the constituent parts of animals and vegetables, for recent investigations show that chlorophyll may be separated into a fatty substance, destitute of colour; and a green matter, which, according to the experimenter, M. Verdel, presents many analogies to the red colouring matter of blood, *hematin*; especially in the large quantity of oxide of iron they both contain. There is no doubt that the red globules which give the crimson colour to blood contain oxide of iron; but it is by no means so clear that the red colour depends upon the presence of this oxide, for Scherer has clearly shown that an intense crimson solution, destitute of oxide of iron, may be

obtained from the vital fluid, a fact M. Verdel seems to have forgotten. This gentleman also states that a peculiar acid, composed of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and sulphur, sufficiently powerful to decompose the alkaline carbonates, is secreted by the lungs of most animals; a discovery of considerable importance in connexion with the physiology of respiration.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS AN ART.

PROFESSOR COCKERELL has resumed his Lectures on Architecture at the Royal Academy, and the first is an excellent prefatory address on the five points of the programme, which, it appears, is an established form of syllabus, evincing the sound judgment of those who formed it when the professorship was resolved on. As an accomplished scholar, and a largely practised architect, no man can be better suited to this important appointment than Mr. Cockerell, who, in himself accords a distinguished example of that freedom which he advocates, when he calls upon his students to "emancipate themselves from the rage of fashion, the cant of schools, and the sottishness and rottenness of sectarian prejudices." This is an appeal which strikes lustily and fearlessly at the obstinate evils, which are now being jesuitically fostered by particular parties, and thoughtlessly cultivated by the uninformed and well-meaning many; and, conformably with the opinion we have before expressed, that it is the public at large which especially requires instruction, we wish that the Professor's lectures may not be confined within the walls of the academy. In the words of the report of his opening lecture, given by *The Builder*, the advantages of the academy series are thus declared:

"The student might be led by the prejudices of his master, and the fashion of his day, to the exclusive study of Gothic or of Grecian art, or of the works of this or that master; and by the fluctuation of fashion, all his hopes of honour might be destroyed; but in these lectures he was enabled to become acquainted with all masters and all schools—ancient as well as modern. In the pressure of actual practice, all study of the theory of art would sink beneath the expediency of the moment; and without the means thus afforded him in youth, the student might be in danger of becoming sceptical of the theoretical and philosophical groundwork of his art, and be even led to discard altogether what he had hoped would form the happiness of his life."

We are keenly alive to the impression that, in the present day, "the pressure of actual practice" is sinking the theory of the art "beneath the expediency of the moment." The competing architect is less stimulated to do what he thinks right, than what he knows will be most acceptable. His object is to get the "job" as a means of acquiring notice and consequent emolument, as one who "living to please, must please to live." His part is precisely that of the ordinary actor, who, not to use the word offensively, prostitutes his talents to the will of his audiences, instead of exerting them to the honour of the dramatist, and the elevation of public feeling and taste. He is as distinct from the true artist as the simply money-making manager is from a Macready, who forgoes golden thousands in the hope of winning "golden opinions" from those who can reverence true art and respect its professor. From the same report, which we presume is an authentic summary of the substance of the Professor's lecture, we select the following:—

"In the works of nature the greatest beauty was always found united with the greatest wisdom, completeness, strength, and capacity; and this it was which had made the beautiful and the good synonymous. This conviction was therefore the first and the most essential step in the search after the theory of the beautiful in architecture, and must lead to its foundation on the sure and solid basis of sound sense and cultivated judgment. These qualities must be the groundwork of every successful architectural design; whilst every work must present peculiar circumstances arising out of the site, materials, and other incidents of the case."

We alluded in our last article to the subject of *expression* in Architecture, and adduced Newgate Prison as a transcendent example in illustration of it. We have now before us a woodcut of the New City Prison, Holloway, and a justly facetious description of it in the *Companion to the Almanac*. Here the "sectarian prejudices" are abundantly consulted; and the result is the most laughable piece of affected solemnity that ever parodied the extravagance of baronial romance. Ann Radcliffe is here done substantially in stone, brick and mortar, and Horace Walpole has a new frontispiece for his *Castle of Otranto*. We might, perhaps, venture on still higher ground, and say that Blue Beard has here a fitting domicile for the secure enactment of all his "bloody business," and the cemeterial preservation of all his wives, headless and otherwise. Here is the lofty tower for Lady Ann to "see any body that may be coming" to the rescue of incarcerated innocence: with dread portals, so sentinelled by towers, and so awfully frowning with corbelled parapets, that the most resolved knighthood must needs stand aghast at the tyranny which threatens it! When Sam Weller, however, saw

the constables' truncheon, which Mr. Grummer fancied was to awe that vivacious personage into a due terror of the majesty of the law, he merely said, "Ah! it's werry pretty; specially the crown, which is uncommon like a real one." And so, of the Holloway prison, we may say, "it's werry pretty, especially the castle in the middle, which is uncommon like a real one,"—meaning a real castle of the true cockney kind; for a more preposterous jumble of Gothic *bills* was never wrought into form by any pantomimic scene-maker. In the radiating wings, however, which are in fact the prison, and which should wear an aspect of severe security, the architect has been obliged, in spite of himself, to manifest the utter unfitness of the adopted style to the purpose required, and no censure can fall with sufficient severity on the unartistic manner in which he has inclosed the stunted segmental-headed apertures of the cells within the outlines of *pseudo* pointed gothic windows. In justice to Mr. Bunning, it must be admitted that no skill (and we are far from denying that he has skill), can successfully manage that in which he has so decidedly failed. A better result might have followed the adoption of the vertical loop window instead of the horizontal position; but this, we suspect was not permissible. If the wing windows could have been wholly opened and filled in with the mullions and tracery befitting their outline forms, we might then have taken this vast pile for the grand fortress of the Church-militant; acknowledging the castellated centre as the portion devoted to ecclesiastical warfare and inquisitorial judgment, and the radiating building as containing the snug little apartments of the priests. In conclusion, we would intimate that the only Gothic variety suitable to a prison is the Norman. It allows of the most imposing substance and simplicity. It permits windows small or large as might be required. The cavernous depth of its recessed doorways, with their multitudinous concentric rings of diminishing arches, giving an idea of the darker and darker, "deeper and deeper still;" its athletic pillars and plain groined vaultings, plain parapets and square continuous buttresses, all its graver features, in short, are well adapted to serve and to express the purposes of a prison.

In a town in the west of England, we have seen another striking, though much less pretending example of the unfitness of pointed Gothic Architecture to the purpose of a prison. The entrance buildings resemble an old manor house, equally partaking of the castellated and domestic; and the design, as such, is very creditable; but still more conspicuous than this portion of the building is that devoted to the prisoners; and the latter looks like a large manufactory, plain, and aiming at no artistic character whatever. Low roofs of Greek pitch cover wide buildings which utterly defy Gothic treatment; and the outward declaration of the whole is simply this, that some modern speculator has taken to himself an old mansion and erected in its rear, without any regard to uniformity, a complicated group of buildings for carrying on the lucrative operations of his trade. We are here, again, satisfied with the architect's ability to do what is right; while, in the immediate neighbourhood we see another prison, in which its architect has only been more successful because he adopted the Italian style as affording him the means of at least carrying out his theme consistently throughout.

Turn we to a more agreeable subject, and to a design more worthy of eulogy; the New Market House at Bolton, a neat wood-cut of which is also given in the *Companion to the Almanac*. This is obviously a market-place. Its ranges of open arcades and open clear-story proclaim it so. The more solid architecture of its angles give rational, pleasing, and effective variety; the central pedimented portico affords suitable dignity, and its tower and turrets give grace to the whole. We have no means of criticising its interior, but we cannot doubt that we should have much to eulogise. In reference to what we see, there is only one objection, and even that may be met, for it may be urged that the foliated character of the Corinthian capital is in accordance with the flowers and vegetables which are purchasable within. Convention, however, assigns a more refined and exalted expression to this beautiful order; and we could therefore have been better pleased if the Vitruvian Tuscan of the portico of Covent Garden Church had been imitated in the portico of Bolton Market. This, of course, would have altered the character of the cornices throughout the building; and we believe it would have been all the better, because the more appropriate, for the structure. The architect of this pretty building is Mr. G. Robinson.

We commend to the attention of our readers the wood-cut of, and the comment on, the Church of St. Matthew's near Vauxhall-bridge, in the publication we have referred to. Here is an instance of a most capable architect, seduced from his allegiance, and showing his free unfettered will and artistic ability only in the steeple entire, and in the mere details of the rest. Let any one conceal the spire, leaving only the square tower, and he will have a quaint little church; but the tower and spire, in their united height and bulk, rise from the dwarf buildings below, more like a lighthouse from a small insulated and nearly submerged rock, than a beacon inviting the scattered multitude to assemble in the spacious temple of which it should be the fitting indication. We do not for a moment question the sincerity and motive of the party whose devotion it especially signifies. We merely assert that the building, in the primary importance of its secondary feature, is rather monumental of sacrificial zeal than serviceable

for a catholic purpose. Its expression is that of individual propitiation, rather than of propitiative brotherhood in an enlarged sense.

Mr. Pennythorne, whom we remember an industrious student at Rome in 1825, is now an architect of confirmed repute. His Museum of Geology, in Piccadilly, exhibits the charming result of architectural precision combined with pictorial feeling; but our present object of particular remark is the Record-office now building in Chancery Lane. We speak of the design as we see it upon paper, complete. Here the artistic and practical go hand-in-hand. We have an effective mass of Architecture, rising in the independent integrity of its simple purpose; peculiar without affectation, and yet conformable without servility. Its peculiarities do not, like the late Sir John Soane's, grow out of the designer's idiosyncratic fancy, but out of the necessities which govern the design. Its exterior is full of windows, because its interior is full of small rooms; and these windows are, again, what they are, owing to the required subdivision and fittings of the rooms. Here are positive reasons for buttresses, mullions and transoms, and therefore for an exceptional case in favour of Gothic application, though it may be questioned whether a modification partaking more of the Romanesque—a compromise between the Norman and Lombardic—might not have been adopted with still more advantage. The angle towers of the wings are very Norman in their general appearance; and we should be better content to take a Pennythornian modification for the great central tower instead of the somewhat Germanised character which it affects. Indeed we repudiate the German influences upon our architectural school. The Germans are either frigidly classic or fantastically Gothic. We feel them to be so wrong in some instances, that we doubt their being right in others. Their Shakespearean criticisms show this in a degree which has not been sufficiently remarked upon. The eulogies they have passed upon certain of the plays which we have rejected from those once attributed to the poet, leave us to question the worth of their regard for the others. The attributing of such trash as *Loirine* and *Edward the Third* to Shakespeare by the undoubted intelligence of the German mind, is simply a proof that there is something in the genius of the English language which is not appreciable save by a born Englishman. And so, with Anglo-Gothic design, there is a national peculiarity, arising from local circumstances of climate and pictorial feeling which has given a marked distinction to its features and complexion, a distinction which we should rather cherish with pride than allow to be submerged by an inbreak of foreign correction.

While on this subject our memory is recalled to some criticisms in *The Builder* of last year, written by a German, M. Servas de Jong. We rejoice in much that he has said; and, in the face of the violent criticism which has been passed by some of our writers, on the British Museum, we welcome the expressions of the German who bestows upon it the most unqualified eulogy. Our own eulogies would not be so unqualified; but it is certain that this building, taken altogether, is worthy of better treatment than it has received from certain of our London censors. M. Servas de Jong must excuse us if we utterly reject his opinion on the relative merits of St. Peter's at Rome, and our own St. Paul's. Or, perhaps, we will venture to suppose the printer has made a mistake. If not, we are left to conclude that the German critic has never seen St. Peter's, and has erred in supposing, from the geometrical elevation of the latter building, that the two lateral dome turrets that there appear, are parts of the front. He says "I give the preference for solidity in the dome, and for the proportions of the portico in the principal facade to St. Paul's, admitting that the towers and lantern of St. Peter's are very superior to those of the London Church." If he had said the very reverse, we might have understood him, though by no means agreeing with him; but when he talks of "towers" which do not exist in the front of St. Peter's, and seems to refer by comparison to a "portico," which likewise has no existence in the Roman Church, we reject the whole paragraph as without any tangible meaning.

Again, M. Servas de Jong says, "Certainly, Wren was a very skilful copyist in every style of architecture, in Gothic, as well as in Roman-Italian; for the first see St. Michael's, and St. Dunstan's." How was it this critic did not add the two towers of Westminster Abbey as specimens of Wren's Gothic "imitation?" St. Dunstan's spire is, perhaps, Wren's only piece of true Gothic. The beauty of St. Michael's tower is unquestionable; but it will hardly be adduced as a true Gothic specimen. It may be the most charming modification of it in existence; and we may mention as another, though very different example of Wren-Gothic, the domed tower of Christchurch, Oxford. As to the Westminster towers, we wish for Wren's dear sake that they were taken down, and that, as soon as Mr. Barry has completed his great Victoria Tower, he may be commissioned by the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey to rebuild them something in the style of the church to which they belong.

Lastly, M. Servas de Jong refers to Jupp's India House, as exhibiting the inconsistency of "a Greek portico with Italian flank." Now we think it just as essential that the interior of a building should harmonise with the exterior, as that the parts of the exterior should harmonise with each other; and we therefore refer to Mr. Gwilt's *Elements of Architectural Criticism*, wherein are plates of the Museum

at Berlin, and the Glyptothek at Munich, as examples which should fall under the German critic's severest censure; for in these we have exterior casings of the severest (and, in the former case, of the most insipid) Greek, inclosing domes, groinings, and arched ceilings of the most unqualified Italian? At all events, Sir Robert Smirke has been more true to his Grecian Goddess than any other of our great architects, and we trust that the eulogies bestowed by Servas de Jong, directly, on the British Museum, and the censures he has indirectly passed on that at Berlin, will have their due effect.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

110. *A River Side.—Storm passing off.* A. GILBERT. An effective little piece of landscape, as is also—

111. *Sketch from Nature.* H. J. BODDINGTON. 113. *Lady and Child.* H. LE JEUNE. Meant, we presume, for the Virgin and Saviour; for which, if such be the painter's intention, it is wanting in right feeling; the painting and drawing, like all Mr. LE JEUNE'S, have a sickly prettiness, vague, and unlike nature.

120. *The Improvisatrice.* G. E. SINTZENIEL. A somewhat affected title for so plump and buxom a young lady. It has considerable merit.

123. *Study from Nature.* H. J. BODDINGTON. In nearly all the landscapes, large and small in this exhibition, there is an unpleasant straining after got-up, scenic kind of effects. This little study is particularly open to this remark.

127. *Grist Mill on the River Teign.—South Devon.* C. BRANWHITE. Clever, like all this painter's productions, but rather heavy-handed in execution.

132. *A Bird Tender.* J. INSKIPP. Painted "broadly," as some people would term it; so very broad, indeed, and vague, that you expect it to vanish altogether while surveying it, like a dissolving view.

133. *The Lake of Thun, Switzerland.* T. DANNY. A poetical and delightful picture. The peaked white mountains, reflecting themselves in the stream, have a ghostly effect. Then, too, there are the sunlit slopes of the valley to delight the eye, and the limpid water, whilst in the foreground is introduced a boat, with the boatmen asleep, which completes, and is in harmony with, the pleasant aspect of the whole.

134. *Gathering Watercresses.* G. SMITH. A forcibly-painted little sketch or picture.

146. *The Drovers' Halt.* T. CRESWICK, R. A., and R. ANSELL. Everything in this joint-picture is painted with great dexterity, but it is not very pleasing.

147. *Cinderella.* W. S. BURTON. The colouring of this little picture, which is placed so near the floor that it almost escapes observation, is pure and bright, and the light and shade effective. In design it is very tame and insipid.

149. *The Fruit Stall.* G. SMITH. There is in this much careful painting, and a great look of reality. It is the figure of an old apple-woman, with a candle-light effect, seated beside her stall, the fruit on which are well imitated; but we are at a loss to conceive why Mr. SMITH should select a subject so vulgar and uninteresting.

157. *The Port of London.* H. DAWSON. In the works of this painter there is an evident attempt to avoid conventionality which gives them a peculiar interest; he appears also to be a very great admirer of TURNER. The subject of this landscape is a very difficult one to treat, the drawing alone of so much shipping, architectural detail, &c., involving great labour, and Mr. DAWSON has finished many parts with conscientious attention. There appears to be something wrong, however, in the colour and execution of the water, and objection may be taken also to the sky, which has not the look of London atmosphere.

162. *The Mother's Hope.* J. SANT. The confident and off-hand style of execution in this picture gives proof of considerable practice and dexterity in the painter, but the style of painting, as well as the sentiment, is very meretricious.

170. *Hero Slandered.* J. COWIE. We notice this picture, which is high up, and unobtrusive, merely for the sake of objecting to the waste of time involved in painting ill-chosen subjects like the present. The same remark applies also to many other works around, chiefly by young painters, the themes of which are trivial, and so destitute of meaning, that they do not tell their own stories, and cannot, consequently, interest any one.

We must reserve the middle and south aisles for another notice.

The two new prints just published after TURNER come out very opportunely while the public mind, or rather, the artistic portion of that many-headed monster, is so interested about the deceased painter. Without any reservation or exception, it may be broadly stated that, of all pictures ever painted, those of TURNER make the most delightful engravings. Witness *The Modern Italy—The Argus and the Temeraire*. These just published have also their fascination: While looking at them, RUSKIN'S poetical

chapter on infinitude is suggested sympathetically to the memory.

The subjects of the present engravings are Dover and Hastings. The engravers, WILLMORE and WALLIS, who support their well-earned reputations by the prints in question.

Mr. WORNUM'S seventh lecture of the season, at the School of Design, Somerset House, was on Stained and Painted Glass. To give even a brief summary of practical lectures like these would occupy too much space. The printed prospectus of the lectures give all the important headings of the subjects treated. The lecturer commenced with a rapid history of the most ancient practice of the art. From the glazed windows of St. Sophia, of Constantinople, he proceeded to describe the different attempts and degrees of skill possessed by the painters until he reached the twelfth century. In all these historical narratives of art Mr. WORNUM is particularly happy, displaying much scholarly research. In a clear and popular way he describes the different methods of glass painting, mosaic, mosaic stain, &c. The quotations from the writings of THEOPHILUS, from their simplicity and quaintness, were interesting. Then followed a more technical account of the art through the subsequent centuries up to the present time, when the lecturer praised greatly the modern school of Munich and the efforts of the King of Bavaria, who had encouraged this as well as other branches of the art. Among the glass specimens shown in the course of the lecture was one modern French piece, belonging to the School, of beautiful workmanship, introducing copies of two female figures, by LUCAS VAN LEYDEN.

We must not neglect to notice the scenery by Mr. BEVERLEY to the burlesque of *The Prince of Happy Land*, at the Lyceum. The talent displayed brings it completely under the head of legitimate art, and renders it deserving of very great praise. The first scene of a cave, with a waterfall tumbling down in the background, was picturesque. A scene that was most applauded by the audience, next to the final one, represents a chamber hung with white point-lace and numberless branches of wax-lights, while the centre is occupied by a colossal gold candelabra that shone out with great richness and lustre, and the glimpse of a distant ball-room on each side adds to the light and fanciful look of the whole. Some of the blue dresses of the female attendants in this scene were too abrupt. The dresses, however, of Miss ELLIS and the chamberlain (Mr. SUTER), were good in shape, and in colour harmonised well with the background. Several of the scenes, such as the archway with the distant bay and that of the forest by night, seemed flimsy, and the effect of many is injured by the custom (common to all theatres) of leaving incongruous side-wings. Thus nothing is more usual than a fluted column and a crimson curtain as the side-wings of a sombre forest. Another very pretty scene was that in which Madame VESTRIS reclines on a couch on one side, the distance representing a bright TURNER-like sea, calm and sunny, with ships at anchor, a sloping bank in the centre telling out prominently against the sea, with little children at the eternal conventional task of weaving flowers.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Society of Arts premium for mathematical drawing instruments offered by the council of the Society of Arts has been awarded to J. M. and H. Croumire, 10, Cottage-lane, Commercial-road, East. —On Tuesday week the Royal Academicians filled the vacancy in their body occasioned by the death of Mr. Wyon, by selecting Mr. William Calder Marshall, the sculptor. —The committee of the Suburban Artisan Schools have commenced the formation of a lending library of works on design, for the use of the students.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A VERY elegant and fashionable company, crowded almost inconveniently the New Beethoven Rooms in Queen Anne street, on the occasion of the last *soirée* for the winter season of the "Réunion des Arts," on Friday, the 13th ult. The first part of the programme comprised a trio, and an *andante* and *rondo* by Mendelssohn, and a *quartet* by Mozart, besides a couple of songs and a duet. The instrumental music was masterly executed by Messrs. Parker, Goffrie, Goodban, Schmet, and Boose, and Madame Goffrie; and the songs and duet were given with purity and vivacity by Madame Lemair, Miss Magner, and the Misses Macalpine. The features in the second part were a couple of solos on the pianoforte. One, "Thalberg's Somnambula," was played most delicately, and with the most perfect execution, by a young but promising artist, M. Kloss, and the other was executed by Master Henry Warne, in a manner that evinced great talent. The next series of the *soirées* commence at the end of April.

M. Billet's concert in St. Martin's Hall, for the performance of compositions of classical music, was also well and fashionably attended, and attentively listened to from first to last. The first part of the programme was superior to the second, and comprised among other pieces, Weber's *sonata* in C major, Mendelssohn's *presto*

in E major of "The Temperaments," and Dussek's *Elegy on the Death of Prince Frederic of Prussia*. M. Billet's performance was much admired, and elicited enthusiastic applause. It showed a vast amount of executive acquirement, and, to mechanical proficiency united comprehensiveness of style.

Another series of the London Wednesday Concerts was inaugurated at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 18th ult., with the annual benefit of the director, Mr. Stammers, the projector of the above-named musical entertainments. As regards the artists and the performance, the programme contained a good deal of novelty and attraction. The great feature was the re-appearance of the ancient and renowned tenor Braham, who generously lent his powerful aid to the *beneficiaire*. His reception was most enthusiastic; the applause at the end of each song was unbounded. In fact, he achieved a marvellous and a glorious triumph, for, with the *encores*, he actually sang seven times! The admirable distinctness of articulation for which he was always eminent is unimpaired; expression and energy still abound, and the old rich tones of melody have not yet deserted him. That his voice should possess so much of the sweetness and the expression, if not of the vigour and the force of former days, is a very surprising circumstance, when it is borne in mind that as far back as 1787, he made his first appearance before the public. The effect of *The Old English Gentleman*, and *The Boy of Biscay*, was thrilling. The rounds of cheers that hailed each successive stanza were wound up by a perfectly frantic *encore*. Indeed, the glorious veteran completely electrified his hearers. Among the vocalists, were two debutantes—Miss Sophy Lowe, and Miss Alleyne, who sang very promisingly, the former an air of Donizetti's and a *Cavatina* from the *Semirambula*, and the latter the scena from *Oberon*, "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster," and Bishop's "Should he Upbraid." Miss Stabbach, Miss Rose Braham, and Miss Messent, also contributed largely by their songs to the pleasures of the evening. Mr. Brandt, the tenor, sang with power, finish, and sweetness of expression, the barcarole from *Massaniello*, and an English ballad. With his fine voice and excellent execution, Mr. Swift did full justice to a couple of popular airs. The instrumental performers who played solos were M. Lavigne, who showed an extraordinary command over the oboe; M. Prospère, whose mastery over the ophicleide was equally wonderful, and that clever young pianiste, Miss Arabella Goddard, who played to perfection Thalberg's *fantasia* on airs from *Don Giovanni*; and, being vehemently *encored*, she enchanted the auditory by giving Thalberg's arrangements of the serenade in *Don Pasquale*. The efficient orchestra was conducted by M. Auschneiz, and M. Alexandre Billet undertook the office of accompanist on the pianoforte. The series are to be held on seven Wednesdays, the first on the 3rd of March, and the final one on the 2nd of June. Braham will appear on each occasion, and Formes, Stigelli, Sivori, Bottesini, and Mlle. Anna Zerr, in addition to the eminent vocalists and instrumentalists already engaged.

The second of Mr. Lindsay Sloper's *soirées* took place on Thursday, the 19th, at the New Beethoven Rooms. The programme began with Beethoven's popular and striking *sonata* in A minor, for the violin and the pianoforte, and it was finely played by Messrs. Sloper and Blagrove. The first of Mr. Sloper's solo performances was a grand and severe specimen of classical chamber music, being the prelude and fugue of Bach in B flat minor; his second was an extremely elaborate work, the *allegro di bravura* of Moscheles, entitled *La Forza*, and his third was a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, all of which were given in a finished and masterly style. The vocal music was excellent. Miss Ransford's singing was distinguished by the best taste, and Mr. Swift sang Mendelssohn's *Garland*, and one of Gounod's French songs admirably. The accompaniments were sustained by Messrs. F. Mori and Sloper.

There was a complete and satisfactory performance of Handel's oratorios of *Samson*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, on Monday evening last. Mr. Costa, the conductor, introduced additional accompaniments into the score with admirable taste. The principal singers were Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lawler and Weiss, and Mrs. Enderssohn and Miss Dolby. Mr. Sims Reeves displayed his natural gifts and acquirements to advantage, and showed himself perfectly at home in the opposite styles of the pathetic and the energetic, while his declamation was bold and effective. Mr. Weiss sang with great power, and Mr. Lawler evinced taste and intelligence in many parts of the music of Manoa. The purely Handelian style in which Miss Dolby executed the recitations and airs, created a very favourable impression. The band and chorus were excellent throughout.

A very novel and marvellous musical instrument is about to be exhibited in New York. It is styled "The Electro-Magnetic Pianoforte," and is played by magnetism, without the aid of fingers. *The New York Evening Post* says, "it surpasses the great De Meyer

himself in point of power and sweetness." The inventor is Mr. Grant, a native of New England.

Mr. Wright, the comedian, permanently leaves the Adelphi at Easter, and removes to the Princess's Theatre, where he has an engagement for three years.

The General Theatrical Fund has recently had granted to it a royal charter of incorporation, which will, for the future, place it on the same footing as the Drury Lane and Covent Garden funds.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE number of new operas performed in Italy during the year 1851 amounted to thirty; the majority were at Naples, Turin, and Florence. With scarcely an exception, the renown of their composers has not yet penetrated across the frontiers of their native country.—Boston papers advertise the marriage of Mlle. Jenny Lind to Herr Goldschmidt, the young German pianist, whom she summoned to America to replace M. Benedict.—Mrs. Forrest, the wife of the too well known American actor, has appeared on the stage in the United States.—On Saturday week the members of the Musical Institute of London met for the first time at their rooms in Sackville-street. The president, Mr. Hullah, delivered an inaugural address, in which he adverted to the necessity which had hitherto existed in London for a spot where musicians might meet and discuss points of interest connected with their art, and described the objects for which the society was established, and its proposed operations. A quartett, composed by Mr. J. Lodge Ellerton, was then performed by Messrs. Dando, Watson, Webb, and Lucas. Miss Dolby sang a song composed by Henry Lawes, (who flourished in the reign of Charles I., about fifty years before Purcell) to Waller's words, "Whilst I listen to thy voice." A sonata, of Bach's, for pianoforte and violin, was played by Messrs. Lindsay, Sloper, and Dando; and a psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," the music composed by Mr. P. W. Waley, was sung by Mrs. Enderssohn.—A long account is given in the *Gazette Musicale*, of another prodigious musical boy from the Palatinate, Frederic Gernsheim, aged only ten years,—who is already vigorous enough as a pianist to perform the Concertos of Weber, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn in public. Further, he composes in full score, is capable of improvisation, and, in short, is brought forward as reproducing the marvels of finger, fancy, and feeling wrought in his boyish days by little Mozart.—A drama in five acts, at the *Théâtre Vaudeville*—"La Dame aux Camélias," by M. A. Dumas, jun., has produced a most powerful effect on the playgoers of Paris, and given Madame Doche an opportunity of showing tragic powers hitherto totally unsuspected. The story may be described as a modern French version of the "Harlot's Progress," the terrible painfulness of which seems to have startled even the *feuilletonistes* into something like earnest.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

RELATING TO BOOKS, AUTHORS, SOCIETIES, &c.

It appears that the Board of Inland Revenue are determined not to abide by the decision of the Court of Exchequer, in the case of *The Household Narrative of Current Events*. In reply to some applications for advice, from intending publishers of monthly unstamped newspapers, the secretary of the board has stated that all such publications must be issued at the producer's own risk. This is the meaning of the reply, and the just inference from such expressions is, that the board are prepared to adopt the factious course of contesting the legality of a monthly unstamped paper on every occasion that offers. Among literary men, it is understood that, in future, the board will only prosecute undertakings of this sort which originate in the provinces, believing, it is presumed, that the absence of finances will prevent country proprietors from resisting prosecutions. This determination, if carried out, can only bring discredit upon the Government, and must materially aid those who desire the abolition of all taxes on knowledge. We perceive that already a body of wealthy men have started a penny newspaper at Stoke-upon-Trent, and are prepared to contest their position with the Board, whose vagaries have already disgusted the public. We wish *The Stoke-upon-Trent Monthly Narrative* a triumphant termination to the unequal battle it is about to wage. It deserves the aid and countenance of all who desire popular enlightenment.—The German papers say that Dr. Meinhold has left among his papers an unfinished manuscript, entitled "Hagar and the Reformation,"—which is now in an editor's hands, and will be shortly given to the public.—An elementary work, entitled "The Hungarian Language; its Structure and Rules, with Exercises and a Vocabulary," is in the press, by Sigismund Wekey, late aide-de-camp to Kossuth. Both in Great Britain and America the book will be popular.—An English newspaper, "The Rhenish Times," is about to be published at Neuwied, on the Rhine. It is to be devoted to polite literature, politics, &c., from the contributions of

a number of "eminent English authors," now residents of Neuwied and its environs.—*Le Bulletin Français*, banished from Belgium, is now transplanted to a more congenial soil, and, with its talented authors, has now a home in London. In No. VIII., just published, M. Briard prays his subscribers not to be astonished that he, a Belgian bookseller, should serve them through a London firm. "Belgian presses are henceforth placed under the hands of M. Louis Bonaparte and his agents. English presses, those which alone remain free in Europe, must be employed to publish that truth which can never be to the taste of Bonaparte's censors." *The Bulletin Français* is now published by Mr. Jeffs.

Mr. Charles Barry, the architect of the New Houses of Parliament, has received the honour of knighthood from the Queen.—Mr. Layard, who was a long time attached to the embassy at Constantinople, but who is better known by his discoveries at Nineveh, has been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.—The last work of Heine, a collection of poems entitled *Romancero*, has been condemned to destruction by the Vienna Criminal Court as immoral. How the sentence is to be carried into effect is difficult to say, as two large editions have been already sold, and all who were likely to purchase it possess it.—The President of the French Republic has just sent a sum of 10,000fr. to M. L. Foucault, author of several works on light and electricity, and inventor of the system of using the pendulum to demonstrate the movement of the earth.—The friends and admirers of the late Lorenz Oken one of the most eminent anatomists and natural philosophers of modern Europe, have set on foot a subscription for a monument to his memory.—The Paris papers announce that the two vacancies in the French Academy have been filled up by the election of M. Berryer, the legitimist orator, and M. Alfred de Musset, the dramatic writer.—Galignani presents us with a picture of Lord Brougham in the city of the *coup d'état*:—"Lord Brougham, on Monday, read at the Academy of Sciences, before a most crowded auditory, a paper on the optical and mathematical inquiries which have occupied his time during his late residence at Cannes. His lordship accompanied the reading of this memoir with numerous demonstrations on the board, and for upwards of an hour occupied the attention of his hearers. MM. Arago, Biot, Tenard, and other eminent scientific men, were present, and appeared deeply interested in the explanations of their learned *confère*."

In the House of Commons, Mr. Labouchere has moved for leave to bring in a bill to carry into effect certain provisions in the copyright treaty with France.—President Bonaparte has promulgated his long-expected law on the press. It is of unexampled harshness and oppression.—A bill has been introduced by the Lord Advocate for abolishing tests in the Scottish universities for all professional chairs but those of the theological faculties.—A royal decree has appeared in the official journal of Naples declaring that from this time forth the Museo Borbonico, the Royal Library, the Papyrus manuscripts of Herculaneum, the excavated relics of Pompeii, and other monuments of antiquity, cease to belong to the nation,—and become, instead, the personal property of the royal house!—The Jews of Paris, headed by MM. de Rothschild, and other distinguished persons of the sect, have just established a society at Paris for the study and propagation of the sacred sciences. Rooms have been taken, in which religious instruction is given gratuitously to young men destined for the priesthood, and in which Jews of all classes assemble to pray and hear religious books read. A rabbi is attached to the establishment, and every Sunday M. Albert Cohn, a distinguished Oriental scholar, reads and explains passages from the Fathers of the Synagogue.—At a sale just concluded by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Piccadilly, there occurred a few interesting and rare articles. Of these the following were the most remarkable:—Lot 792, "The Bokes of Solomon," printed by W. Copland, 1551, a very rare little volume, which sold for 26l. Lot 793, a copy of Coverdale's Bible, the edition of 1550, but imperfect, sold for 31l. A manuscript book of "Hours," with miniatures very prettily painted, sold for 19l.; and Lot 862, a copy of "Barnes's History of Edward III., which in ordinary condition is worth about 10s., but which in this case happened to be in "choice old blue morocco, the sides and back richly tooled," sold for 9l. 10s. The days of bibliomania, it is evident, have not entirely passed away.—A portion of the singular library formed by the son of the notorious Lord Lovat, was recently sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of Wellington-street. Among others may be mentioned Caxton's "Book of the Ordre of Chyvalry," one of the rarest of his productions, and of which it is said three copies only exist, two being in the British Museum, which sold for 55l. 10s. The works of Ben Jonson, a copy of particular interest, having an unpublished poem of twenty-six lines on the nuptials of the Earl of Somerset, entirely in the handwriting of the author, produced 14l.; "I. (R.) Nova Britannia, offering most

excellent *Fruites* by planting in Virginia," 10l. 10s.; "Columna Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," a fine copy of the first edition, 9l.; Cranmer's "Defence of the Sacrament," 5l. 5s.; "The Gospels of the Four Evangelists" J. Daye, 1571, 6l. 15s.; "The Sarum Breviary," 13l. 10s.; Calvin's "Catechism," with Prayerbook of 1565, 10l. 5s.—By order in council it is directed that in lieu of the duties of customs payable upon books, prints, and drawings, published at any place within the dominions of France, and exported thence into the United Kingdom, there shall be payable the following duties only, viz.:—On books, viz. works originally produced in the United Kingdom, and republished at any place within the dominions of France, and exported thence into the United Kingdom, a duty of 2l. 10s. per cent.; on works published, or unpublished, in any place within the dominions of France, and exported thence into the United Kingdom, and not being works originally produced in the United Kingdom, a duty of 15s. per cent. On prints or drawings, plain or coloured, published at any place within the dominions of France, and exported thence into the United Kingdom, single, each, 3d.; bound or sewed, the dozen, 13d.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DURING the past fortnight the theatrical world has teemed with novelties, or, rather, with pieces called by new names, for critics have been bold enough to assert that there is no novel effect left to be attempted upon the stage.

DRURY-LANE.—A farce, by Mr. J. M. MORTON, called *Too Late for the Train*, has been produced with equivocal success. The incident, scarcely to be called a plot, upon which it is founded, is of the simplest nature: an elderly gentleman being kept by domestic incidents at home until he finds himself, as the title imports, too late for the train. This canvas, slight though it be, has been well worked upon; but the size of the theatre outweighed the little piece, and it seemed insignificant to minds wound up by vast proportions into tragic pitch. A little ballet, called, *The Star of the Rhine, or the Genius of Dancing*, composed expressly for Mdlle. PLUNKETT, has been greeted with applause, in which no dissentient voice was heard.

PRINCESS'S.—A drama adapted from *Les Deux Frères de Corse*, produced, two years back, at the *Théâtre Historique*, and founded, in its turn, upon an anecdote notorious in Parisian circles, has at last appeared, after nearly a year's rehearsal. Our readers will doubtless have gathered from our daily contemporaries the plot of the piece, which our limits do not permit us to set forth; we must content ourselves with confessing the boldness of effect and the dramatic ability displayed in its construction; and with entering an earnest protest against the production at a theatre bearing such a high character as the Princess's, of such pieces as this and *Pauline* (to which, in spirit, it bears a striking resemblance), by which the feelings are wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, without the elimination of one beneficial sympathy, or the admixture of one kindly moral.

HAYMARKET.—Miss VANDENHOFF'S *Woman's Heart* is a heart with which all the world are so much in love, and with which all the theatre-going world have become so intimately acquainted, that nothing is left for us but to offer a word of congratulation to the fair actress and authoress upon the double triumph she has achieved thereby. She has fused the two capacities as no woman ever did before, and displayed a versatility of genius that commands our highest admiration, for it is a thing unknown that an accurate exposition of her sex's nature, clothed in all the attractive drapery of almost faultless poetry, and a perfect impersonation of her own conceptions should be found in one young lady. *Macte virtutem!* We bid Miss VANDENHOFF heartily God speed, for she has displayed the power of an intellect that has attained a knowledge of

The passions that build up our human soul.

ADELPHI.—*The Leghorn Bonnet*, a comic sketch, adapted from *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, has been produced, and is successful.

OLYMPIC.—*The Advocate's Daughter*, adapted from *Le Bel d'Avoué*, appeared on Thursday evening, and added another to the triumphs of Miss LYONS.

THE DIORAMA OF HINDOSTAN, at the Baker-street Bazaar, is receiving, as it deserves, a vast deal of support. Its displays of the scenery of the Hoogly, the Bhagirathi, and the Ganges, from Fort William, Bengal, to Gangoutri, in the Himalaya, are surpassingly beautiful and instructive. The painting is superior, and deserves the notice of students as well as sight-seers. A curious museum has been added to the exhibition. (We have to apologise to our readers for omitting earlier to draw their attention to this diorama, and accident has hitherto prevented a notice of it appearing in the division of *Art and Artists*.)

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The professor of Chemistry to this institution, Mr. J. H. Pepper, is now engaged in delivering a lecture on the allotropic condition of oxygen, called ozone. Its formation was shown in three ways:—1st, by treating air with phosphorus, half covered with water; 2ndly, from the

oxygen derived from the voltaic decomposition of water; 3rdly, by electrifying air as in the electrical aura. Each of these processes eliminated ozone, proved by the action of the iodide of potassium and starch test, and also by its powerful bleaching agency, and from indigo. The destruction of ozone by a red heat was also demonstrated in a very beautiful experiment, devised by Faraday, and the learned lecturer concluded his discourse by explaining that the chief interest of the study of ozone was in consequence of its being, no doubt, employed in the grand process of nature.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

THE saying that the drama is the copy of real life is not commonly true, but it occasionally vindicates itself in a striking, almost terrible manner.

We rise from the perusal of a piece called *La Dame aux Camélias* produced at Paris at the Vaudeville on the 2nd of February, and we know it to be the resurrection into life of a woman who, five years ago, was the theme and wonder of Paris.

Chance brings about strange coincidences. On the 2nd of February, 1852, *La Dame aux Camélias* made its appearance; on the 2nd of February, 1847, Marie Duplessis died in her splendid apartments in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle; and she it is who is the heroine of this piece. We cannot do more than give a mere outline of the extraordinary life of Marie Duplessis, which surpassed in strange romance, all that the novelist could invent or the poet describe; the story seems indeed to proceed with so much of the regularity of a novel that we almost fancy we must have read it in some strange book of fiction, and that it is not a page out of the book of life.

She was the daughter of an ignoble Norman of Caen; her father in evil reputation among his neighbours, for they called him *Marin the Sorcerer*: she wore wooden shoes, and was brought up, as her biographer Mons. M. de Fiennes relates, less in the fear of God than of the Devil.

In 1838 *Marin the Sorcerer* brought Marie the future sorceress, then an ill-clothed and doubtless unpromising looking girl, up to Paris, where he either died or otherwise disappeared, and she became deserted in the world with nothing in it but the wooden shoes to her feet.

When a young girl finds herself in this condition, there are two roads before her, the road of industry and the road of shame; Marie was too young for the latter, and the former was very hard and thorny to her. They starved and beat her at a dressmaker's in the Rue St. Jacques until she attained to years of indiscretion, when she ran away and enlisted herself in the services of *Messieurs les Etudiants* of the Quartier Latin. Whether at this epoch of her life she became a regularly enrolled *étudiante*, our intelligence does not enable us to say; the biographer hints that she did not. The young girl, says he, quietly repelled all lovers; but we find her, nevertheless, at the Prado of a Sunday, in a modest little silk dress, pretty little shoes, and a coquettish little bonnet, framing a face then beginning to be regarded as beautiful. Beginning, said we? why she was the delight of the whole Quartier Latin, the Goddess of the *Chaumière*, the bella donna of the Prado.

Our nobility go now and then to the Casino, and their order do likewise in Paris. A young Duc happening one evening to pay a visit to the Prado, was struck with the beauty of Marie, prevailed over the unwashed Cymons of the classic Quartier, and a week afterwards all Paris sang *Io Peans* to the charms of the lovely mistress of the Duc de Guise. And well might it be so, for this simple Norman girl, she of the wooden shoes, this starveling of the dressmakers, this dependent of the Rue Racine, so surpassed the most *recherché* exclusives of Paris in taste, in mystery, and in the practice of exquisite pleasure, that the greatest *hommes* paled before her, confessed that they had found their superior, and Marie, then called Duplessis, was talked of and courted over Paris for four whole years—a long reign in that metropolis of Ephemeræ.

But a disease which grips its freezing fingers around the heartstrings of even the fairest and most exalted, seized Marie with its terrible grasp; consumption attacked her, and in seven months the Queen of Parisian beauty was a captive before the throne of death; a captive, bound hand and foot, fevered and tortured, escape impossible, and watching almost with impatience for the relieving stroke:

While with uplifted arm
Death stood prepared but still delayed to strike.

And now we see her in her new aspect. For seven months in a room hermetically sealed against the light of day, which she would by no means suffer to enter, she wrestled fearfully with death, admitting neither the sun nor the Count P**, her then *entre-teneur*, to behold the struggle.

Twice only she emerged from this living tomb, and on both occasions it was to go to a theatre. On the last occasion, when she appeared at the opera, it seemed as though she had come,—that lovely spectre, with her eyes of unnatural brilliancy,—covered with diamonds and clothed in waves of white satin,—it seemed as though she had come to warn the rich fools and thoughtless beauties, among whom she had loved to dwell, of the dreadful secrets that lie hid behind the curtain of life. When she left her box, her feeble steps supported by her *femme de chambre*, more than two hundred of the

most noble young men in Paris ranged themselves in her way, and bowed before that Magdalen who was so soon to appear before her Maker.

When she died her effects were sold, and, all-inquisitive, Paris crowded to inspect with curious eyes the secret abiding place of so celebrated a woman. Her library was characteristic; Cervantes, *Le Sage*, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and *Manon Lescaut* were among the most thumbed—the girl of wooden shoes had made some progress. It is young Alexandre Dumas, son to the great novel-monger, who has thought this story worthy of being recorded, and who has produced a novel and a piece full of excellent wit and good vaudeville writing founded upon the basis of it—and so it is worthy of being notified; for when we come to look around the world and see some of the brilliant beauties who lead men to destruction by the score, and become the dietresses of fashion, the arbiters of wit, and the judges of taste from which there is no appeal, it is a reproving thought that Marie Duplessis, the chiefest among them all, was the daughter of old *Marin the Sorcerer*, wore wooden shoes, and was dug by a Paris *fon* from the innermost obscurities of the Quartier Latin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Of the two great rival wits of the eighteenth century, *Walpole* and *Chesterfield*, how widely different has been the fate of their literary remains! While every fragment of *Walpole's* has been carefully preserved, published and admired, the more valuable lucubrations of *Chesterfield* have been most scrupulously suppressed.

The Bishop of Waterford, Lord Chesterfield's chaplain and friend, expressed his *surprise* that nothing should have been found among the late Earl's papers concerning the history of his own times. "His Lordship," says he, "repeated to him more than once that he was writing it as far as his memory (which was a good one) would furnish him with matter; and Lord S., whose mother was first cousin to Lord Chesterfield, assured the bishop, as having it from Sir William Stanhope, that one day, upon his brother's showing him his manuscripts, he told him that by his will he had left him the publication of them, and then added, *publish them as soon as you dare*."

Let the reader imagine, if possible, the loss that has been sustained by the suppression or destruction of these invaluable MSS.! Fancy, as an addition to *Walpole's Memoirs*, "A History of his own Times, by Lord Chesterfield!" How a Macaulay or a Mahon might have enriched their histories if they could have had recourse to such a work as this, extending over a period of more than fifty years! But the contemplation of such a loss to our English literature is too painful to dwell upon.

On the death of Lord Chesterfield, the court interfered to stop the publication of some of his lordship's MSS. Lord MAXFIELD was applied to, who immediately granted an injunction. A compromise, it appears, was entered into with Mrs. E. Stanhope, who consented to give up the *characters* and to submit the letters to the revision of the Stanhope family. This last condition Horace Walpole considered "reasonable," though he admitted that "all he wished to know would be suppressed."

These letters were dedicated to Lord North, and are said to have been printed from the *originals*, though it is recorded that Lord Chesterfield purchased them from Mrs. Stanhope for fifteen hundred guineas, *that they might not be published*. If this be true, how did Mrs. Stanhope repossess herself of the originals? Were they given up to her in exchange for the *characters*? Be this as it may, if the enemies of Lord Chesterfield wished to "pilfer from him his good name" they could not have taken a more effectual method of doing so, than by encouraging the publication of these letters. They became the standard of Lord Chesterfield's moral character, and the present generation know little more of his lordship's varied and splendid talents than what may be gleaned from this small and objectionable portion of his works.

The reviewer of the late edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* expressed his surprise that so little of novelty had been added to the collection. "His lordship's correspondence must have been voluminous, and who would ever burn a letter of Lord Chesterfield?"—*Where are they?*

When Lord Chesterfield was deprived of his place at court in 1732, he wrote a spirited letter to George II., expressing his readiness "to sacrifice everything for his Majesty's service except his honour and conscience." A copy of this letter was inserted in Lord Hervey's

Memoirs; but when that work was published, it was stated that Chesterfield's letter *had been torn out!*

During the most interesting period of Lady Hervey's correspondence, while Lord Chesterfield was Viceroy in Ireland, and afterwards Principal Secretary of State, the whole of Lady Hervey's letters for two years are missing. The editor says *they were lost!*

In the Lytleton correspondence we have no letters from Lord Chesterfield of later date than the year 1742, and in the Chatham correspondence we seek in vain for a proportionate share of Lord Chesterfield's letters. In both these cases how many of the most valuable of the letters must have been either destroyed or suppressed?

In the volumes of the Grenville Papers, are letters from almost every public character of the day, except Lord Chesterfield. His name is not included in the list of the Stowe correspondents, and yet he was the oldest friend of the Grenville family.

It would occupy too much of your space to enumerate every instance in which the war of extermination seems to have been carried out against the works of Lord Chesterfield; but there is one instance so palpably unjust towards the fame of his Lordship that it ought not to be lost sight of. It is known that in the archives of Dublin Castle there are documents that would do honour to Lord Chesterfield; but access to these papers has been denied, and when the late noble editor of the Chesterfield correspondence requested permission to examine them, he was politely refused.

Why?

Books Wanted to Purchase.

[Persons having the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest price, to THE CRITIC OFFICE, 29, Essex-street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. From Part II. Vol. XI., to Vol. XXIX. inclusive.

PHYSICIANS.—The first who deserve the name of physicians started from the temples of Cos and Cnidus; they began to throw off the veil of mysticism, and to lay the foundation of an art founded upon the experience and observation of nature. Among them the most eminent place belongs to Hippocrates, the son of Heraclides. Next to Hippocrates, some other men deserve mention, for having added new medicines to those already known, or for having taught a better method of dispensing them, as Dyoctes of Crastus, Praxagoras of Cos, Chryssippus of Cnidus, Theophrastus of Eresus, Nicander of Calopho, Heras of Cappadocia. From these times, dates the separation of medicine from dietetics, surgery, and pharmacy, which was brought about by the school of Alexandria. This division has influenced the preparation of medicines, because, only those who cured by internal remedies, and prepared medicines, were called pharmacists; whilst the physicians who cured only by the strict rules of diet, were called dietetics; and those who performed manual operations only, were called surgeons.—*Annals of Pharmacy and Practical Chemistry.*

A specimen of the glossy ibis or "liver," a rare and accidental visitor in this country, has been shot at Lytham in Lancashire. According to Montagu, "the ibis is adopted as part of the arms of Liverpool. The bird is termed a liver; from which that flourishing town derived its name, and is now standing on the spot where the pool was, on the verge of which the liver was killed."

A TITLE FOR A MAGAZINE.—A severe joke is told in connexion with the origin of Bentley's Miscellany. The title originally fixed upon for the projected periodical was "The Wits' Miscellany," but this was subsequently thought a little too assuming. "Probably it was so," said some one (such things are usually ascribed to Douglas Jerrold), "but you need not have gone to the other extreme."

SIR JAMES MURRAY AND HIS PREPARATION.—A druggist at Wolverhampton has been vending a preparation which he names *Sir James Murray's Cod Liver Oil Pills*. The use of Sir James's name has been proved to be a forgery, and the Wolverhampton County Court judge has awarded damages for the misappropriation. Sir James disowns the assumed connection with the vendor, and it has been shown that the *Cod Liver Oil Pill* is composed of the most deleterious ingredients.

We understand that the late Mr. Fielding, of Lancaster, has bequeathed his herbarium to the University of Oxford, upon certain conditions. This collection, formed at a very large expense, is understood to consist of 70,000 species, forming one of the most complete herbaria in the world.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGE.

PELL—RUSSEN.—On the 17th February, at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, by the Rev. John Hatchard, M. B. Pell Esq., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Sydney, to Julia, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant James Rusden, R.N.

DEATHS.

BLACKWOOD.—On the 14th February, aged 44, Robert Blackwood, Esq., publisher, of Edinburgh.

DOANE.—On the 27th January, Dr. A. S. Doane, Health Officer of New York, who took a conspicuous part in the reception of Kossuth. Dr. Doane was an eminent man in his profession, and the author of various medical treatises. He was chiefly known as a diligent translator of European works of reputation, such as Dupuytren's "Surgery," Bayle's and Meckel's "Anatomy," Maygrier's "Midwifery." He also edited Dr. Mason Good's "study of Medicine, and other English works."

HOLCROFT.—Recently, Mr. Holcroft, son of the more famous Mr. Holcroft, the dramatist, who was for many years connected with the London press, and, in that capacity, prominently known as the musical and dramatic critic of one of the leading daily papers.

KOTZEBUE.—On the 4th February, at Heidelberg, aged 73, Madame von Kotzebue, the widow of the fertile dramatist, the author of "The Stranger," and "Pizarro," who was assassinated at Mannheim by the student Sand. She was Kotzebue's third wife; she had lived for many years in strict retirement.

KURLAENDER.—Recently, at Prague, in his hundredth year, M. Elie Kurlaender, the oldest of pianists, and perhaps of musicians. He was born at Koenigsberg, in Prussia, and passed the greater portion of his life at Berlin. He was one of the first music masters to Meyerbeer.

PROUT.—On the 10th February, Mr. Samuel Prout, one of the oldest and most distinguished members of the senior Society of Painters in Water Colours.

THOMPSON.—On the 17th February, in London, William Thompson, Esq., of Belfast, the naturalist of Ireland. He had gone to London to arrange with the Council of the Association for the Advancement of Science, for their meeting in Belfast in the summer.

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INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceeds nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right, we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate, appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels. In some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected; under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves: yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as, in a hundred cases of *Indigestion*, there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems; nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to their use, has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter-of-a-pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of camomile flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy, the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with camomile flowers, an herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and, when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

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As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet; though, after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take, and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink, always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite that the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never to eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure, and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself, only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with, or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruin to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty, than *NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS*. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken, the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these Pills should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy Old Age.

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